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In the first few hectic days after the October 30 election, when the politicians were meeting in stacked conditions, the businessmen were wringing their hands and the constitutional experts were phoning their precedents: everybody seemed to forget one thing: that the people had spoken and what they'd said was: we will not be conned.

By party reaction, who used to become oblivious between elections to what democracy is all about, the results were nothing but an early noon, postponed by an election that didn't even mean that the electorate knew its mind very well. Canadians had had enough of manipulation of fancy theories, meaningless slogans, cleverly chosen and all the other nonsense that goes with campaigning and the engineering of consent. It's not that the land was weary but that the people were smart. They knew that they'd been had and they were determined not to find themselves in that position again. (There's no old honesty that's part of the folk wisdom of this country. "He looks me over, shame on him. He feels me twice, shame on me.")

The message of this collective wisdom, expressed in the majority situation versus one candidate, was that the politicians should concern themselves with real problems that confront real people: the skyrocketing high cost of living, the lack of jobs even for the skilled and educated, and a tax structure that gives free rides to the corporate rich and the pliant lay.

The sense of power and the close to the ground in this contest. The candidates who won their rebuffs were mainly those who risked their own careers, die hard and without much sense of local issues, most anxious to the changes that will be required to make our economy and society perform for the benefit of the greatest number of people. It was such an accurate election because the official campaign record in 1982 was few voters. It was simple to remember because it showed what was inside the echoing confines of open air and above and in the back of limousines covered by sleek police cars and waving them through intersections. The campaign became a ramble of events that strayed the leaders' companies.

The Country That Wouldn't Be Conned

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

It seemed his second coming. He appeared to loom on the edge of his self-esteem. Robert Stanfield suddenly pushed himself across the land, reminding the blinking natives that he stood squarely in the creative centre of Canadian politics, making legends of electoral contests. David Lewis, giving off the cold glare of dogged facts, found in some that caught the headlines. But he didn't make any really dramatic breakthroughs with the people because he didn't create a good first impression and a loose seven-month. (It's important to realize when you hear talk of an opening to the left that Lewis got about the same percentage of the popular vote in 1972 as the NDP did the last one time around.)

Nobody went into a polling booth on October 30 and voted for the kind of politician we've got. What most of an felt was a mixture of a plague on all your houses, and the Commons we now have is an expression of that discontent. What we need to remember is that a minority government is not by definition a bad thing. We've elected one in the past 15 years and the last four (in '57, '62, '63 and '65) were among the most productive parliaments in our history. The two majority governments in that period — Diefenbaker's in 1958 and Trudeau's in 1968 — squandered in the country drift into serious economic difficulties.

It's interesting during the last the Gault referendum, hearing a French woman respond to the question "blew did you vote?" with the answer "I voted for Frimé." And that's what happened with this election. People voted for Canada — for plain talk and real action. The politicians who speak that language in the next parliament will do so at their peril. ■

make it with Gilbey's the tall 'n frosty one



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When CN operates so efficiently year after year,

Have you ever said, or even thought, "CN loses money every year. Why don't they smarten up?"

This is one of the great Canadian myths. And like many such stories, it is based on a misunderstanding of the facts.

Fact No. 1. CN operates as efficiently as most corporations of its size. Perhaps even more so. Indeed, CN has been able to report an operating profit for all but four of its 50 years of existence. Last year's profits were \$44 million.

Fact No. 2. Most businesses and

industries use a system of depreciation accounting. This means they write off a portion of the value of their equipment or buildings year by year, as they "depreciate" in value.

However, in the railroad industry, accounting techniques have been worked out differently. In CN's case, we did not begin applying depreciation accounting to our rolling stock until 1940 and to our track and structures until 1956. This led to a \$1.2 billion shortfall in depreciation. Which meant that an unduly large portion of CN's capital

why don't we end up in the black more often?

needs had to be met by borrowing.

Fact No. 3. We are clearing up these debts steadily. Over the last 11 years, CN has not required any long-term borrowing, has reduced the actual amount of its debts by \$101 million, and has reduced the annual deficit from \$67 million in 1960 to \$24 million in 1971. The interest CN paid on the debt last year: \$68.5 million.

The fact is, if we could eliminate the effects of "no depreciation prior to 1956" as described above, that debt cost could be reduced by \$30

million. This would have put us in the black for 1971. Meanwhile, '72 looks like a very good year at CN. When the figures are all in, let's see where we end up.

Now, What's so important about this message? The answer is simple: CN is 80,000 men and women who work hard to make the corporation a winner. And they succeed. (See Fact No. 1.) They want to be proud of this large, complex system of services called Canadian National.

And every Canadian should be proud of the way they run it.



We want you to know more about us.

1973 Cutlass Supreme. If your friends could see you now.

It's that kind of car.

Impressive to look at. Beautiful to drive. Cutlass Supreme for '73 is the one that stands out, with an all-new look.

Does windows give it that Supreme touch of distinction?

More room inside gives it that Supreme feeling of comfort.

And indeed, all that Supreme elegance, in Oldsmobile engineering. And Oldsmobile strength.

Steel beams in the doors for increased safety.

And a double-panel roof for increased quiet.

See your Olds dealer. Ask him about Cutlass Supreme, Cutlass S, Cutlass or the new Cutlass Royale.

Then experience the luxury of Oldsmobile. And the commitments of your friends.

But don't tell them the price.

After all, it could be more fun to let them think you've been extravagant, rather than practical.

Cutlass by OLDSMOBILE



THE VIEW FROM OTTAWA

BY JOHN GRAY



Rex Coates

The End Of A Phony Dream

Rex Coates is fond of saying that when he takes his message of Social Credit across Canada, he tells the same things to people in every different region in the land. "When I step on the day's tin in Halifax," he says by way of explanation, "the birds in Vancouver."

Coates gets much for political capital perhaps, but not much for political realism. The inescapable fact of Canadian politics is that neither or not the same hawk in hand in Vancouver or Hamilton or Halifax, it is not perceived the same way as it is in his native Quebec. On October 30, one quarter of the Quebec electorate voted for Social Credit, outside that province Social Credit was no more and hardly a no less.

Coates's experience was, of course, not unique. A similarly stark response (if not quite so extreme) greeted David Lewis, Robert Stanfield and Pierre Trudeau. And their hard truth, as much as anything else, is what emerged from the federal election: a fragmented country, a dedicated Parliament. Days were being lit over the country, but in every region a different sound was heard.

Political leaders would like to believe differently. They would like to believe that there is a unity and a homogeneity in the country which gives politics a sound logic and consistency. It is all so easy in Ottawa, for example, where a 35% swing in votes at Lacombe, for example, means that there is a 35% swing from Land's End to John O'Gradas. The British Columbia vote as a body in Canada, strange as that may seem.

The central anomaly of our fragmented and fractious body politic is, as it always has been, Quebec. The only realisation on the morning after election night was that of the two parties that led the polls, one was massively overrepresented in Quebec and the other was underrepresented almost to the point of extinction. The NDP has never managed to win a seat in Quebec. None of the four parties would such as to believe, but their campaign to have it otherwise were frustrated by their own history and that of Quebec.

The Conservatives lost the vote in every region of the country except Quebec and British Columbia. On BC they came a close second, but their standing in Quebec is so low and the Liberal sweep in that province so heavy, that the Liberals captured the greater share of the national popular vote. Without a seat badly represented in French Canada, the Conservatives' assumption that they are a national party is at best illusion.

Liberal strength elsewhere in the country seems, partly, to have evaporated because they were so closely identified with Quebec. The New Democratic party, the fulcrum of power in the new Parliament, has no claim to national party status, despite some recent success. Although almost no voter in five supports the NDP, they have no seat east of the Ottawa River and none in Alberta. Rex Coates will talk of expanding his empire from coast to coast: but Social Credit is a federal force in the West has never recovered from the twin shock of the Brierleyville landslide of 1958 and the rise of the Quebec Coldstream a decade ago.

The real divisions in the country are the ones in the profoundest sense: misunderstanding (perhaps widely by cause) of the phenomenon of "French power." In Quebec the Liberals instead of their role in Ottawa is an attempt to put down the separatist claim that French Canadians are not citizens within Confederation, the Liberals saw their power as a jurisdiction, in Quebec, of federalism. But outside Quebec,

"French power" was seen not as a ball-work but as a threat. On that, two interpretations.

Before the election, Canadians everywhere spent unemployment and unemployment with the government's economic policies in the priority course of the campaign. Yet the two aspects most seriously hit by unemployment, the Atlantic provinces and Quebec, mentioned or mentioned Liberal strength. On that, more than one opinion.

The implications of voting across the country become more alarming when one examines the composition of the two "national" parties. They have neither through the years, given the ideological, neo-conservative politics, where one group grows while the other stagnates. The alternative was in the wings for its time to govern. They have been low political parties that could not, one only saying three is a dozen for power.

Many Liberal candidates, for example, saw no inconsistency in vigorously opposing their leader and his policies during the campaign. In particular, many anti-Quebec Liberals, including Chabot, managed to keep their seats in the House of Commons. Even within a region such as Quebec, what has not been a subtle and sophisticated figure like Gained Pélissier and those rural Quebec Liberal MPs who are damned and damned precisely by social liberals as "not Québécois."

The Conservatives, if anything, even less surprising. Poor Robert Stanfield found himself having to disavow some of the statements of both supporters and moderates. In the last Parliament he had to live with an incoherent western party within his party, now he will have to spend his limited benefits to accommodate a group of urban, middle-class members. Even Stanfield's powers of compromise may be tested in reconciling Gordon Farrow, the moderate former Attorney-General of New Brunswick, with Claude Wagner, the moderate law-and-order former Quebec justice minister. The weeks spend him the problem of integrating other French Canadian MPs into his Parliament.

The implication may be to throw our hands in the air and bewail like one contributor, "This absurd and appalling situation" of minority governments. Equally, there is the temptation to be lulled by the shape of our politics: give Social Credit the Tories in a Quebec loss and give the NDP in the Atlantic. Or, perhaps, give the Liberals and Social Crediters on left and right between the NDP and the Conservatives. But political parties are not created to supply. Party tradition grows in response to pressures which are regional or ideological: they are sustained by factors as diverse as opportunism, the momentum of the family, and the force of the social culture. Canada has seen the use of a variety of political movements, some have found an enduring niche, some have perished in isolation. Other movements have not even given preference of parties, and the next may yet be in store for Canada.

The country's voters were undoubtedly moderate in not seeing favouring a single party, but the suspicion remains that a two-party system is not around the corner. There are too many regional divisions, including the power of provincial governments, for monolithic politics. Elections reflect the momentum and the electorate of Canada is not yet unified and cohesive, however convenient that may be.

John Gray is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

The success of the Quebec Liberals in the Gattinara and Duplessis by-elections (October 1) raises the prospect of an early provincial election. "We by no means exclude the possibility of an election in the spring or fall of 1973," a senior minister in the Bouchard cabinet casually admitted a few days after the by-elections. Premier Robert Bouchard is known to have discussed the matter with his closest political advisers and also to have probed the wide-ranging web of cordons he maintains over the point.

An assembly federal parliament may cast further doubt on the viability of Bouchard's still unimpaired brand of Canadian federalism. In at Robert Starnfield, with his new door, proven at all well-disposed toward Quebec the bedroom boys in this province may well start inflicting money and blocking a campaign strategy within the next few months or even weeks. Meanwhile, one can expect Quebec ministers to begin formulating urticaria and uterine dogma on an ad hoc Quebec election.

The way the Liberals snuggled up the election in the provincial riding of Duplessis must have had the old man beet himself shivering in his grave — the old man, of course, being the late Union Nationale premier, Maurice Duplessis, whose cruffly electioneering techniques were picked up belatedly (but with a vengeance) by a pretence of former Liberal opponents, most notably, Pierre Elliott Trudeau. Of course, the Liberal victory in the safe riding of Gattinara was a more formal for the Liberals, opened up by Premier Bouchard to provide political insurance against a possible post showing on the heading, politically volatile riding of Duplessis where the Liberals would be riding a very hot wire by the Parti Québécois.

But the judicial premium paid to Solicitor-General Roy Poitras, the former member from Gattinara, was waived. A Supreme Court judge voided the Gattinara voters' choice of anti-Liberal candidate Michel Giguère barely a week after the election, following evidence of gross violation of the Election Act. Baudin was alerted, as was anyone with a lot of time and patience could have found out who voted for whom.

At this writing it seems the new election on November 15 will confirm the original results: a strong showing for the Liberals and a slight increase in Union-Quebec (the former Union-Nationalist) disaffection support. (The PQ has withdrawn from the by-election replay.)

The election in Duplessis riding was more significant. The Parti Québécois survived considerable resources in its campaign. Detailed surveys were undertaken and clearly skewed for tactical guidance, party agency — Leader René Lévesque, members Jean-Pierre Piquette, retired strongman Claude Morin, Assembly leader Gaston Lévesque, among others — were mobilized for door-to-door canvassing, no elections, province-wide propaganda effort combined with the party's "anti-campaign" against Premier Trudeau and his federal opponents, was organized to provide cordons and bait outside Quebec. The contestants of party faithful vote Sept 1st almost daily. The Liberals also drew in at their head, including the election eve economic premiere of Dupuis Prime Minister Marc Gendreau who threatened to build his projected new department store on the rubble up north — and in the case of the Liberals, the former cabinet cleared the PQ candidate.

Despite the victory Premier Bouchard still has sound reasons for being his political fagade. With a canon overnight of a premier's constitutional prerogative to veto his op-

ponents opposed, a surprisingly large number of Quebecers have assumed there would be no general election before 1974. "L'abolition de 1974" — the major moment — has taken a symbolic, almost mystical significance for many. That would suggest George Orwell himself. For the PQ, "74" has become the milestone when perhaps Quebec would become independent.

The Liberals are understandably fearful of the emotional clouds gathering toward the end of their normal mandate. But they have a deeper reason to consider an election before the storm breaks out. There has seemed, recently, to be something really wrong with the Parti Québécois. That "something" is difficult to define, yet it is felt not only by unaffiliated observers and observers, but by the most perceptive among the party's leaders.

First, the PQ's overall political strategy may have been shaken. One of its basic tenets is that the demise of the rampant Union-Quebec is an essential prerequisite for a PQ electoral victory.

A two-way fight between the Liberals and the PQ would then be possible, and the latter would eventually win. But the electoral strategy of the former Union Nationalists has recently gone again of several and the Duplessis by-election has indicated that a two-way fight between the Liberals and the PQ could lock the latter in opposition for a very long time — so long in the electoral field that rejection to opportunity for independence. In a straight two-party contest, much of the volatile protest vote might become permanently disengaged as plain observation from voting or else reluctantly stopped by the federalist party, so that independence would be achieved only by a second of Liberal leadership were of astrophysical importance. With prospects of this sort, the PQ might as well resign itself to the hazards of a multi-party contest.

Second, the major success of its federal "anti-campaign" has suggested that the Parti Québécois may be temporarily bogged down in an ideological morass. The party has been pursuing its crusade for over four years now, but even today, it is still up with crowding and Quebecers are not all that sure. "There's no doubt that people are weary of the three S's (Separatism, Socialism and Syndicalism)," a senior PQ strategist admitted recently.

As a result, the shrill, emotional tone of PQ propaganda may have become counter-productive, the image of the party's leadership may have become too close for a society that badly needs to relax for a while.

There is a lot of Norman blood in the veins of the Quebecers and consequently a lot of old-fashioned mistrust of pink ink. Most Quebecers are convinced that Claude Lévesque has been a bad deal for them, but it is highly unlikely that a majority can ever be persuaded that it has been all bad.

Perhaps a majority of Quebecers could eventually come to believe that they would fare somewhat better if they were an independent, but it would be awfully hard to convince them that Canada from the area of Canada could provide Quebec with a future — at, rather, Molotov's — *Proletariat Argentin*. The people of Quebec are, in fact, becoming disillusioned, they are grasping the complexities of their own industrial society, attempting to control their key institutions, trying to solve their innumerable problems. If the PQ is to become a real political party, it will have to learn the art of compromise and accept the increasing political sophistication of Quebecers. ■

BY CLAUDE LEMELIN



Claude Lemelin

Le Parti Québécois: Malaise Within Misgivings Without

The more people you talk to about color TV...



"If anybody asks me what kind of color set to buy, I tell them: Electrohome. We've had this one two years, with no trouble at all. It's a great set!"
Mrs. David Brown, Buxton, Ont.



Even without any adjustment on it, the picture is superb and the color's terrific. And of course we love the cabinet!"
Mrs. Phyllis Arthurs, Winnipeg, Man.



"We had a black and white Electrohome portable, and we had good service from it. And another reason for choosing Electrohome — it's high sound control — you just because it's Crosley!"
Mrs. Gordon Martin, Kelowna, B.C.



"I read about the color sets which I considered to be in the top three, and Electrohome seemed to be one of the best for the money."
Mr. Terry Pearson, Edmonton, Alta.



"Up to now, my color TV set has more than satisfied me. There's no need to adjust it, with no picture-line tracing."
Mr. Marcel Mouton, Montreal, P.Q.



...the more likely you'll choose Electrohome.

ELECTROHOME

BY HARRY BRUCE



Gerald Regan

Industry Or Environment: Is There An Answer?

The conflict between those who would save the Environment and those who promote Industrial Growth is probably sharper, more painful and more stubborn in Atlantic Canada than it is anywhere else in the country, and this fact finally broke out in as ugly little spat between Gerald Regan, Premier of Nova Scotia and the province's most responsible environmentalists. By September it must have seemed to the Premier that every time he opened his mouth to suggest a supersonic train, a nuclear power plant there, or an oil industry away out on St. John's Island, a bunch of environmentalists would suddenly rise up, jump right down his throat, and when people learn from him of opposition. All he was trying to do was improve the economic climate to build jobs for the working man (or rather the non-working man) but these environmental dogmatists, these eternal protesters who need more about anything for which they did not shoot jobs for the fishing masses, these politicians with his interests and time on their hands, they kept generating up the worst and making him appear as some sort of ecological nazi.

It was too much. The confrontation between Environment and Industry highlights along almost everywhere these days but there are several reasons why it is especially agonizing down here. In October, the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council published its sixth annual review of the Atlantic economy and, in a discussion of growth constraints, it accurately described the dilemma: "We have to decide to either go, or a decent standard of living for everyone, an economic future at least for our children. We have to decide to lose climate, air, clean water, a clean wilderness a sense of life and the unique quality of life that, in a sense, tells us who we are — can we have our cake and eat it, too?" Many we sell our cash-cash to buy Toronto's standard?

In any respect the Depression of the Thirties still affects Atlantic Canada and, for as long as anyone can remember, the premises of the Atlantic provinces have regarded themselves as pariahs whose one great earthly mission was to promote industrial growth to create jobs for the people whose choices to stay down home.

Premier Regan's efforts lie squarely within this current tradition and it's easier to understand his irritation with the environmentalists when you remember a few simple facts. In 1971, per capita income across Canada was \$5,400; in Atlantic Canada it was \$2,416. In Nova Scotia it was almost 25% lower than the national average. Last summer, unemployment in Ontario was running at 4.5% and in Nova Scotia at 5.7%. By September it was 10.4% in the Atlantic provinces as a whole.

All of which is background to the sudden destruction of Premier Regan's relations with the Nova Scotia Resources Council. The Council consists of about 90 business, public, academic, scientific, lawyers, engineers and others who care about the protection and proper use of natural resources. On September 11, Regan wrote a letter to the chairman of the council, Ron K. Dumas of Dalhousie University, and it was so blunt that, as Dumas said, "he was almost weeping. He's taken a very violent reaction to our own asking about environmental issues."

In this case, the issue was a rumored proposal — no one seemed to know how true it was — to allow Amtrac interests to build a nuclear power plant on Stoddard Island off Ship Harbour in south-western Nova Scotia. Once the rumor was out, Dr. J. L. Gray, president of Atlantic Energy of Canada, a crown

corporation, allowed that there had been some official discussion of the scheme two years earlier. The plant was going to be a \$2 billion, 12,000 megawatt job, the biggest nuclear generating station in the world. Its purpose would be to serve the voracious American appetite for energy and, in Gray's opinion anyway, it would be cheaper for the Americans to build an island of their own off Boston.

It is obvious that the American interest in Stoddard Island stems from the fact that environmentalists' beliefs are successfully discouraging the construction of nuclear plants in the States. The idea that Nova Scotia should replace American pollution risks in order to accommodate Americans who refuse to tolerate the risks in their own country is one that appeals neither to the Nova Scotia government here, nor, indeed, to those working men who fish for lobsters in south-western Nova Scotia. "We're going to hell," says Glen Devine, president of the local lobster fishermen's association. "We'll hold on long and loud."

In August, Dumas expressed concerns to the Premier over the apparent air of secrecy surrounding the controversial subject. He asked Regan, first, if corporations regarding a nuclear power plant on the island were actually under way and, second, if the plant might turn out to be of the US merchant uranium type, a "fast-breeder reactor" as opposed to a natural uranium and heavy-water system.

Regan's reply helped to clarify the question. "Four letters state that the Nova Scotia Resources Council wishes to register their displeasure," he wrote. "May it, in turn, register my displeasure with the general behavior of the Nova Scotia Resources Council? The Government of Nova Scotia has been chosen to promote and protect the interests of Nova Scotians. I do not deem it to be in the best interests of (our) province to have public debate over every such scheme before a concrete proposal is made to government. These debates incite hopes and fears and also enable other governments or state jurisdictions to reduce development away from this province." In the meantime, I trust that your organization finds useful work to do in relation to the resources of this province."

Under the circumstances Dumas was fit to respond as one could reasonably expect him to be. He said the Premier had found it "most regrettable . . . that you found it contrary to [Nova Scotia's] interests that they be asked to inform us on this subject," and he said that the Nova Scotia Resources Council "will not take the position that such matters must be the prerogative of government or development interests."

Dumas had already had time to look the episode over when the Premier in a speech to the Nova Scotia Federation of Labor publicly accused it of those with a "fanatical approach . . . to the question of the protection of the environment." He suggested that environmentalists "live their ideal development, create new unemployment, and create a much lower standard of living for thousands of Nova Scotians." He referred to "ecology nuts" and said "there are in the city of the comfortable, the comfortable, and the high income."

The destruction as the Premier's relations with the Resources Council may have been temporary but it was very real and the big old question remained. A recent newspaper advertisement of Industrial Energy Limited demanded it all up "Now," it asked, "do you equate the crash of industry with the cry of the local?" The answer is still blowing in the wind.

Harry Bruce is a Halifax free-lance writer.

If your mild cigarette is too tame, try our mild cigarette.



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U.S. BLENDED CIGARETTE

WILD MILD



If "83" is just another whiskey drink,
New Year's Eve is just another night!
It's mighty midrow — no matter
how you see it!

The "King" means well with
anyone "around the table."
Or in Martinis for dry
Kings and with Collins
for drier sweet Linds.

"From high above the misty
spires, come the stars of 100
Pipers — Fiddle! Perhaps
The fact is that this Scotch
is enjoyed in 102 countries!

"The Night Before . . .
"Nightlong"
Chateau's does a deers
delicious drink! It must
well with almost anything
in an evening. It thins your
pouch. And it's light,
bright, with notes

"Bloody Mary" The Star of the Bar
gives a stirring performance . . .
1½ ozs. Bloody Mary
¼ oz. Lemon juice
1 drop Tabasco sauce
¼ drop Worcestershire sauce
2 ozs. Tomato juice
Salt and Pepper to taste. Stir

"Three Cheers"
Try your hand at a
cocktail! The glass
pour delicately, equal
amounts in the following
order:
Lemon Crème de
Menthe Liqueur
Lemon Cherry Brandy
Lemon Triple Sec

Holiday hosting...

This holiday season be prepared
when family and friends arrive at
your house. It's easy to be a good
host — and also enjoy your party
— when you know how. So here
are some ideas to help you
entertain with confidence.

YOUR FESTIVE GUEST LIST
To please all of your guests in
appropriate bar might include
Canadian rye whiskey and Scotch,
gin, rum (dark and white) and
Vodka. A selection of liqueurs
and a bottle of brandy completes
the list.

JOGER FIGURE
Heavy-handedness won't help your
party. Use a sizer at all times.
Measure carefully. (1¼ ounces is
recommended.) Use lots of ice
and big glasses.

JOSEPH S. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
Waukegan, Ill.
Write us in, to Boston, for a free recipe booklet

The World's most gifted whiskey
comes complete with its famous
purple pouch. If you give Crown
Rum, and you share it right,
you'll be dressed to Openings Night!

V.O. is the whiskey that's given
Canada the reputation for mixing
the finest. It's the irreplaceable
Canadian whiskey in the World —
and has been for 25 years!

"Seagram's Delight" is a
blend of the finest Canadian
at holiday time:
1 oz.
¼ oz. Fresh Fruit
¼ drop Vanilla extract
1½ oz. Captain Morgan Black
Rum
Shake vigorously with ice cubes and serve
in wine glass sprinkled with nutmeg.

"Sardonic Treasures"
The sardonic Dispirit was discovered
by the Captain
1 oz. Captain Morgan Whisky
¼ oz. Lemon juice
1 teaspoon Sugar
Mix with ice cubes, pour into
pre-chilled cocktail glass, garnish with
a cherry.

...and Holiday toasting.

"In the Season"
The season to entertain
new friends. To serve
punches and more . . . to
share lingering nights
and fond memories
with old friends.
Share yourself,
your hospitality.
Because this is the
Season . . .

Your Time continued
or my country girl, if I produced
stupidity that it was "a Texas line, and an
American record?"

I despair for a country as beautiful as
this and with so much potential. If real
Canadianism would get off their backs and
talk about the facts, we would have what
we want.

SANDRA BOWERS, CALGARY

OFFY sticks

Underbitchy politics makes the admin-
istration of OFFY a sticky wicket — *Are
Those Really Any Opportunities For
Fueled?* by Erna Paris (September).
However, your article does suggest im-
provements which would improve the
program. Rather than accept proposals
for anything at all why not define gov-
ernment objectives, then award projects
which satisfy those objectives? That is,
define parts of the program to fulfill
needs.

The four month period is criticised as
too short, yet ask forty studies are typi-
cally short lived. They should investigate
problems and propose solutions.
One objective of OFFY is employment.
Socially relevant studies relate students
to the real world and provide employers
with a screening of talent as well. Why
not extend some project grants as an in-
centive to increase benefits and get to
the successful implementation phase?
JOHN CORRIE, SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Purge poison pens

Your recent article on the distinguished
Hester family is a sample of poison-pen
writing, un-likely of your magazine —
*Robbie's Laughing At Defenibaker's
Cowboys Anytime* by Heather Robert-
son (October).

Your ignorant attack on Jack Hester
is, in particular, inexcusable and false.
To accuse him of spouting tobacco
juice at the Speaker of the House of

Commons is yellow journalism at its
worst.

Heather Robertson's normally excel-
lent writing has been marred by vicious
insults obviously introduced by other
hands.

I extend my sympathy to Mrs. Hester,
Senior, whose honorable family name
and whose very fine sons and daughters
have been assailed by your cheap, dis-
graceful, worthless, poisonous article.
I am, GORDON M. CHURCHILL, Q.C.
WINNIPEG.

Heather Robertson replies: I regret that
Mr. Churchill has apparently misunder-
stood part of my article. In the passage
in question, I was describing Mr. Hes-
ter's image in the press, not his actual
behavior in the House, which is always
correct. No insults were added to the ar-
ticle, certainly none of it was written by
anyone other than myself.

She wants more

Melinda McCracken's article on Ade-
laide Clarkson (September) gave me
quite a shock. By allowing us to share
her own feelings of ambivalence about
her subject, Miss McCracken turned a
potentially dull piece into a fascinating,
dramatic study. Miss Clarkson's success
and achievement take on more meaning
when contrasted with the author's
painful fight from these same inhibi-
tations and indications of approval.

Thank you for providing us with an
interesting reading experience, lets
have more, much more of the same.
LISA SAMUEL, VANCOUVER

The Dream Of Adrienne Clarkson by
Melinda McCracken (September) is one
of the most beautiful pieces of writing I
have ever read. It is ironic that Miss
Clarkson, most sensitive of unconscious
should be subjected to such personal
and sloppy coverage. It is doubtful that
many of your readers are interested in

reading about the life of Melinda
McCracken.

I have also become increasingly dis-
satisfied over the past few months with
the pro-Canadian slant of my maga-
zine, but I would to respect it as it is
one of the few Canadian publications.
MRS. SYLVIA SCOTT, WINNIPEG

Who's loony?

The editors of *The New Free Press* (Ottawa
(September)) by John Gray implies that
the New Democratic Party is in need of
a doctor to treat its divisions, depres-
sions, obsessions, schizophrenia and
other assorted ills.

May I suggest that the one in need of
medical treatment is Mr. Gray, the only
person on which I would "swear" if
whether to recommend an asylum or a
psychiatrist. Perhaps a view of the NDP
from some other vantage point than Ota-
wa would be beneficial. How about
British Columbia? Or Nova Scotia? (Not
Quebec, except for Robt. Charbonneau,
we all have our difficulties there.)

At our NDP executive meetings, mem-
bership conventions, policy conferences
and informal debates we don't even
mention wolves. To us a wolf is a pro-
blem.

If "a substantial increase in NDP
votes" is "just a vigorous way of stand-
ing tall" I'm completely convinced that
"schizophrenia" isn't as not enjoyed
only by New Democrats.
DAVE A. YOUNG, DEPT. BROOK, ON.

Anyone care to join?

Thank you for Bruce Haddock's insight-
ful and truthful article — *The Stron-
g Of The World* (September).

I used to think that I was very con-
cerned about the present world situa-
tion, but I now am that I was only
slightly interested. The article affected
my thinking profoundly and gave birth
to new feelings and thoughts I have
never before experienced.

I know that by changing my own way
of thinking and thinking my own style of
life, I alone cannot hope to change the
presentment, we have gotten ourselves
into, but it's a start. Anyone care to join
me?

Thanks again for the truth.
DOBBIE THIESSEN, BURNABY, BC

Bruce Haddock's excellent exposé of
Futurist's *World Dynamics* — *The Stron-
g Of The World* (September) —
prophesying an early demise of human-
ity from uncontrolled population
growth and depletion of resources,
stands up sharp contrast to the critical re-
views of the work by social scientists. Mr.
Haddock wrote in volume 174 of *Science*,
in 1971 that "the behaviour-scientists
continued on page 19

Why do we do environmental research? How do you measure the value of longer life?

Leading environmental researchers indicate that newborn babies in major cities would enjoy an additional three to five years' life expectancy if air pollution were cut by 50 per cent.

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NAME (please print)

ADDRESS (new if change of address) APT

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461 UNIVERSITY AVENUE TORONTO 101 ONTARIO

By 1975, all snowmobiles have to be quieter.

That wasn't good enough for us.

Evinrude's new 73dbA snowmobile not only beats the 1973 sound level requirement but meets the 1975 sound level as well.

It features exclusive Fenowear electronic ignition for sure starts and up to 10 times longer spark plug life. 30 hp loop-charged engine, electric starting, safety neutral and reverse gear.

But most of all, it's quiet. In fact, you can't buy a quieter, more civilized snowmobile than the new Evinrude 73dbA.

Meeting the 1975 sound level in 1973 is all that's fine at Evinrude. Since 1963, our engineers have been working on our own rotary combustion engine. And now after 8 years—The Evinrude Rotary Combustion Engine is here! Rotary Combustion power.



is inherently quieter, even without special silencing systems required by conventional internal combustion engines, its sound level is only 78dbA.

35 horsepower with speeds up to 65 mph. And smoother with turbine-like power that virtually eliminates

vibration. And with only two moving parts, there's less to go wrong, too!

The Evinrude Rotary Combustion Engine is the snowmobile engine of the future. But it's available right now in the Evinrude RC Snowmobile.

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Reuben's role as special advisor to the president of the World Association of World Federalists, plus his work on pollution and marijuana control, have earned him a wide-spread reputation. He's interviewed regularly on Canadian radio and television.

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Considering Reuben Schaefer's record, we might have asked, "What kind of a paper-man sells for Occidental?"

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It's a smart move. Occidental Life
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There have remained constant of the book is virtually new." R. Boyd observes in the August 11, 1972 issue of *Source* that Forrester's model is based entirely on the presentist, Machiavellian view of human society which is built into Forrester's mathematical equations. The daydreams of a distant future generated by the computer correspond, as expected to the lunatic prophecies of latter day Malthusians.

A differing view of world dynamics, which Boyd calls the technological-optimism view, holds instead that humans can create new technology which will produce substitutes for scarce goods which will increase labor productivity as well. That technology can support a higher world standard of living superior to present-day population. This view holds further that the higher living standard will lead to a reduced birth rate so as to reduce death rate.

Of course, the technological-optimist world view can hardly be seen as a reality when the advanced technology it obviously depends, as soon as it is developed, will have led to a new technology, and so on, and so on, and so on. P. N. DAVENPORT AND LUTHERIDGE, ALTA.

Not lost at all

On behalf of the people of Bafford 3 with its long string of exceptions to the rule picture of the town conveyed to your readers from Canada by the article in the September 1972 issue. You reply that Bafford, once the capital of the North West Territories, was a large town and has declined to fewer than 2,000 persons. Population figures are not available for the village when census takers were unemployed only 30 buildings and was the second largest community in the Territories.

It is true that Bafford was depressed as it hoped for destiny as the capital when the CPR closed the southern route between the Territories, and was again changed of its position of being the main town in the area when the Canadian Northern Railway chose to construct its line on the north shore of the Saskatchewan River. This crisis was closed, not because of initial profits in Bafford, but rather because construction was easier and cheaper on the north bank had because the railway company had acquired land on the north shore opposite Bafford and was interested in its own rail route change.

Bafford with a present population of 1,800 was one of the few towns in Saskatchewan to show a population increase in the last census. Building permits in September 1971 total \$1.3 million which includes 64 new residential housing units. Surely we maintain that the town is not dying.

Your photographer chose to picture

an old pump, which we doubt is even in Bafford and is located in the town which is under study now as it is to be abandoned next year along with many others across the West. He could have shown some of the lovely new homes or the sophisticated dining lounge, restaurant, the day centre, the beauty parlor, the watered watered old homes constructed before the turn of the century.

As your article says it is indeed true that some, like people prosper and decline. Bafford has survived its hard times, its population has not declined and its residents know that Bafford is growing and is a pleasant place in which to live. They are justifiably proud of their town.

GEORGE LUTHEL MAYOR, BAFFORD

Hegwash, is it?

The recent drop in university attendance has been caused by the realization that the students' interests lie in education for four years of his life — The *Financial Post* by James Paton (October 30). So-called "education" is worthless and now a degree doesn't even get you into work at the job market.

Universities have many possible courses of action. They could make material more challenging in very superficial terms; they could try to give the student something of value for a degree or status (these would be in the past, didn't they?) or they could try to make something of the student, helping him adjust to the world. This last alternative would be immensely hard, but I feel it's the only satisfactory one. Instead, universities have concentrated on a broader act of the human past, a padlock. I hope students aren't taking it.

Why do educators think it's important to keep finding students who are not intelligent? RICHARD M. KATZ, NEW YORK, ONT.

Retraction

Maclean's and its publishers, Maclean-Hunter Limited, regret any misstatements contained in the article "General Leveson M. D. Leslie, O.S.G.C.D., as a result of an article contained in the October issue by Murray Engel entitled "Fighting Boredom in Egypt." Mr. Leveson and the author intend descriptive remarks regarding General Leslie contained in the article and further retract any interpretations of his views set out in the article. It is recognized by Maclean's and the author that General Leslie served both Canada and the United Nations with particular distinction while with the United Nations Truce Supervision Commission in Cyprus from 1964 to 1967. We extend our sincere apologies to him for any embarrassment caused by certain statements in the article. ■

A photograph of a full moon partially obscured by the dark, silhouetted branches of a tree against a twilight sky. The moon is bright and circular, with some light clouds visible around it. The tree branches are dark and intricate, creating a complex pattern over the moon and sky. The sky is a deep blue with some lighter, wispy clouds.

A small prairie town as an aspect of myself

It was in fact, a small prairie town. Because that sentiment said that land were my first and for many years my only real knowledge of the place; in some profound way they remain in my mind, my way of viewing. My eyes were formed there. Toward him, out in a sea of land, have been described thousands of acres as dull, bleak, flat, uninteresting. I have had to think so that the railway (my sweet Canada) is spectacular, except for the prairie, which it would be dreadful to go to sleep for several days, and the ordeal is over. I am always unable to separate this past reality. All I can say is — well, you really have to live there to know that country. The town of my childhood could be described as a gloriously regressive or at least as a place where the town is a crew could be called back in the heart of its western changes. But every month it is a new town. Never did

In winter, we used to teach mice on the back of the milk sleigh, our mouths squeaking and clattering on the hard raised snow of the roads, our hands on ice-bubbled mats hanging over the bow edge of the sleigh for dear life, while Bert grunted at us through his eyes.

born! And newspaper and shouted the word loud and clear, clanking us to stay put. These shavings, rung, there would be the perpetual fascination of the fishermen on sandbars, the ferns and dunes and eerie flocks traced their shadows the night by unseen armies of the wind. Swinging, coming back from darkness, the sky would be black but not dark, for you could see a wild flock of stars from one side of the earth's rim to the other. And then the constant acknowledgment when you saw the Northern Lights flaring in the sky, the stars directly in your face, the swirling signature of God in the sky, and when the morphographs hadn't put

states. She is at work on another novel.

Sumner were no longer, and where to run came and the wheat became bleached and dried before it headed, the faces of farmers and townspeople would not smile much, and you look for grained, because it never seemed to have been any different, the frequent knocking at the back door and the young men standing there, mauling or twisting defiantly their requests for a drink of water and a sandwich if you could spare it. They were riding the freight, and you never knew where they had come from or where they might end up, if anywhere. The Drought and Depression were like acid drizzle which had been there always. You understood and did not understand.

Yet the outside world had an ominous march: The poplar blight and the small trees were killed and surrounded with a dense different grasses, reeds and weed flowers. The meadowlike scene saddened from the twanging telephone wires along the gravel highway. Once we found an old flat business acre, and tramped her, poking along the shallow brown waters, ascending her with waddles of hastily shaved legs, man, ponding her among the tangles of yellow marsh marginals that grew irregularly along the bank of the

My best friend lived in an apartment about two miles north on Main Street, an elegant apartment with royal-blue velvet curtains. The back roof, mostly sloping at all, was corrugated tin, of a furnace-like warmth on a July afternoon, and we would sit there drinking lemonade and looking across the back lane at the Fire Hall. Sometimes we

rygi would be awarded. Oh joy! Somebody's house burning down! We had an almost perfect collection in some ways. Then the wooden tower's bronze bell would clank and toll like a thousand spangled funeral is a tone of plague, and as a few minutes the train of giant black horses would cannon forth, pulling the fire wagon like some somber chariot of the Goths, while the firemen clung with one hand, adjusting their helmets as they went.

The ceilings of the place were red.

[illegible][illegible]

All of us can point to one stage or another. In grade school, among the vulnerable and violent girls we were, the feared and despised were these few older girls from what was charmingly called "the wrong side of the tracks." Tough in talk and tougher in deeds, they were used to be whom usually. And probably were, that being about the only profession readily accessible to them then.

The dead lived in that place, too. Not only the grandparents who had, in local parlance, "passed on" and who gloomed, bearded or beehived, from the apex photographs in old albums but also the under, forever lit or lit, whose names were carved on the granite family stones in the cemetery, but whose bones lay in France. My own young mother lay in that graveyard, beside other dead of our kin, and when I was 10, my father too, only 40, left the living town for the dead, descending to the hill.



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THE CANADA COUNCIL AS AN ENDANGERED SPECIES

BY SANDRA GWYN

Too late the photoelectric?

One thinks we can't seem to manage in this country is how to stop our best institutions from dwindling into burned-out coasts. Think of the National Film Board (or a start) Or the National Research Council. Or the CBC, though now that this one, as Larry Zolt says, is being hosted by its own fiscal, there seems to be reason to hope.

The new reality of our unbearable tendency to let the superb slide into the mediocre could be the Canada Council. Our national cultural gateway agency has been in alarming shape these several seasons past. Only five years ago, John Herch, the former director, was able to call it "the best enlightened and progressive subsidizing agency, public or private, on the continent" and it seemed no more than the council's due. For a decade it had been not useful to practically every dedicated artist and worthwhile scholar in the land: the one federal presence even separatists—and Mordens Rukler—spoke well of.

But in the years since Expo, the council has been alternately pummeled and ignored, suffering under 1) the strangeness of its own members; Gérard Pelletier, who in a full term as Secretary of State presided in his belief that the council was an elite undercurrent and chopped away relentlessly at its authority; 2) the indifference of Pierre Trudeau, who put it in line as his last of measures that he allowed it to limp through the best part of a year without a director; and 3) the rude competition of such upstart organizations as Opportunities For Youth and Local Initiatives Programs which have showered millions on the arts in the last two years while the council rots where it is the papers. In bureaucratic circles, there's no sense of an agency so the waste that one that can't present itself on being smothered on its territory.

Our waning institutions have another reason fading. Few have coped adequately with the loss of their father-figure, John Gervais of NRBC, E. W. R. Bennett at NRCC, Davidson Dunlop at CBC. At the council, thoughts peaked early in 1971 when Peter Dwyer, the elegant visionary who for 13 years had been its driving force, suffered a stroke so serious that he was forced to retire.

Yet the decline set in much earlier. Centennial and Expo were in a way the council's crowning achievements, moments of when the talent it had subsidized could achieve. Those afterward the council ceased to be heard of its time. Powerful art forces—respondents, autonomists, rock culture with its hippies and video freaks—began forcing profound changes on traditional art forms. The council, after a decade of pushing, was bluff and creative energy to the limit, no longer had the strength—or more important, the conviction—to respond. Even its style, a kind of admixture of cherry and self-deprecating irony, was at variance with the love and people

group spirit of the emerging popular movement.

There are hints, tentative ones, in yet that the council may just manage a comeback. The old star quality has probably gone forever but some of the old mid-1960s energy may be in mind. Council men have been demoralized and achieved some important changes. There is a new director, André Fortin, a 41-year-old cancer-died survivor with good connections, who's come to the job free of preconceived ideas. The giving won't be easy but the attempt has to be made. At stake is much more than a 340-million-against-cultural program. The issue is the right mix of direction of the arts in Canada and, less directly, our scholarship.

A man in Canada should live and work in dignity. Unfortunately, the society in which they live and work is so slowly by constant exposure and involvement come to value them for the grass they tend in our entrance and for the healthy irritants they provide to our complacency." So Peter Dwyer, in one of his last speeches in a dispute, described his and his agency's philosophy. Eloquence—but a little dated these days, what with culture having become a good deal safer than motherhood and the National Arts Centre occupying as much prime Ottawa real estate as the Parliament Buildings. Back in the 1960s, though, when like those social welfare governments, John Diefenbaker's war cry, "\$100 million for English-speaking blacks for old-age pensions," turned out to be a pretty accurate reflection of how most Canadians felt at the time of Khrushchev and the Iron Canada pipeline, about handing "support" money over to the kind of people who "lived in their underworld on the CBC."

Not that the St. Laurent Liberals, who'd started the council as a bribe for their last act in office, had exactly flung their caps over the Peace Tower. In 1951, the Massey commission, the premier commission for an independent Canada, had told them to find "new and better use of the name of a nation" and had argued powerfully that their reach ought to be broadened with public funds. The Liberals sat on the Massey Report for six years, until a pair of royal commissions, Sir James Dunn and Louis Wathin Koffman, did a few months apart, recommending \$100 million in death duties. It was decided that their legions should be passed on to the arts and the universities. The council that administered them would consist of a 21-member board, with representatives from every province serving three-year terms. A small secretariat at Ottawa would handle day-to-day operations (Presumably, the secretariat became an affair of the board—and sometimes more so). The Liberals did all they could to shield the rabbits' ears operation of the council with a smoke screen of academic and corporate respectability. Half the money went into a capital

BY JACK LUDWIG
ILLUSTRATIONS BY AISLIN

'It's okay, Tony, we can leave at half time'

Any way you wanted to do it as far as a time aspect. Who would believe you? Who would believe that a country between a grand sea and that it was mostly a tiny one thing history that in order for this might be remain supreme it had to destroy this pretender following in its wake? Canadians: men and women: what to the predict that hockey was our glory. What the lower United and Czechoslovakia started winning in international competition and in the Olympics too. Canadians had any doubt that we could also. Any demand the opportunity if we would only put our best hockey players together in a time zone and not the time zone that was classified as winter and not the time zone that was classified as spring and not winter winning. Canada's a great in recent and internet.com hockey sites.

We knew that five, six or seven hundred better players were made ineligible by international ice hockey rules. Top among these were of course the 100 of so very best players in the NHL. These guys we knew could whip the peripherals any day of the week, we wanted a contest between the USSR and a team of NHL stars not to prove anything to ourselves. Our convictions required no proofs. We wanted that contest only as a threat of teaching the winners what hockey was really all about.

Most of us thought the match would never come off. That fact is, international relations and facts in the NHL would never find a way to make the match happen. Suddenly, however, the NHL and the NHL Players' Association and Hockey Canada put together the Team Canada, just as suddenly the defenseman devoted to be washed new here. We couldn't wait to see the USSR wiped out on the ice.

That was the script we turned out to see shot on September 2, 1972, in Montreal. We saw another script unfold. We saw Canada lost. We watched an entire nation plunge into the depths of a terrible crisis if we weren't the country that could do it all in history who were well if our situation about ourselves on the ice was so painfully false, what was there that we could cling to as we lived?

Some observers tried to find wrong elbows cup-a-licious. We'd been outfoxed, or so they thought. The Soviets had been playing possum when our scouts reached their way into the USSR. They played together more. They played together longer. We were so

an day-bitsy country and they were so-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o. Their writers are longer: I am. While people had to hear?

Yet what the new stand-scripted songs began to unfold, it too was full of surprises by game five in Vancouver, which Team Canada lost 5-3 and might have lost 8-3 or 9-3. The Canadian myth hung by a hair, by game five, the first played in Moscow, in which Team Canada drew a three-goal lead but ended up losing 8-1. Canada's situation seemed hopeless. A whole in gilly hockey nation solid as it had been destroyed. But then out of a seemingly hopeless situation

down in the ashes three games to one — with one game tied. Then Canada regenerated and regenerated the faces three games to a row we lost — each one with Toronto's Paul Henderson scoring the winning goal. From the slough of despond — call it the Missouri River — a cantankerous Jackie Garske emerged, preached and chipping put he hit back on it as cocky a note, and walked off into the Canadian sunset.

Of how the unsightly had reared
 Consider in Moscow that champagne
 colors into the night air. Gallons of the same
 bubbly loomed over glasses in salute to the
 toast—and out our nation was released. The
 night still hung by that thin hair. Our man-
 road our meeting, our national selves were
 near if jounded is to be stirred. Drum or to-
 bell show a Canadian in Moscow even



Caracas, 1960-1961

back firing as he was just as likely as not to be scoring again at O'Connell. When Paul Hanson scored what proved to be the winning match goal in game eight, Canadians' Maurice Reid said, but Canadians at home were still wild. People in offices ripped a dance not seen in the country since World War II ended. Gung-hoed up in the 401 in the west, the crowd roared and sang and sang and again. The Team Canada players who had been burnt and bruised and lashed and lashed now were only heroes, and Canadians were the babies in victory's hot air balloon. But all the questions raised by the series got re-answered: Hockey still told them they way we thought it was certain has sense. But the series was a little different. It was a little less required in order to make the most of their talents?

We wanted single showers to the questions raised by the heroic Canadian surrounded the fans in Moscow wanted to be told free flags and cheering were the cause of a fall. Myosotis taught a more profound cause—tempting to do with Canadian art and the strength of the indomitable Canadian soul. How else could a team come back when down so low and win?

[illegible]

And then the Canadian identity crisis dissolved with only a long "Where?" On the brink of a national wipe-out, the team gave up, carrying heavy drinking John Wayne (who, like the Soviet team, played hockey) off the bench. The furor caused by someone like Vic Hadfield, quelling the issue and going back to the United States, which paid for his year after year. The Tech Martin and Ed Penner and Jocelyn Guimond went back too, but no help to Team Canada's spirit or prestige. Ben Harry Simon, Canada's coach, and Jean Beliveau, said they were shocked by Hadfield's action. He was not Hadfield. He was the end of the era.

on the roster, knew only 15 men could dress for each game. He knew the coach's decision as to who those 15 men would be based on feel. That said, Silvers was a girlfriend's agreement. Those who left the team broke that agreement. Silvers thought it was very bad that they did.

To start at the beginning, though, it is weird to sit at home. I was once hit on the first game called. We didn't feel any apprehension at all. I suggest only a great excitement because it seemed for a week was finally coming to pass. Almost nobody I knew who lived in the slightest notion that Team Canada could lose a game. It alone the way it was going to be the greatest exhibition of good hockey ever seen... that was not unexpected.

We wanted single showers to the questions raised by the heroic Canadian surrounded the fans in Moscow wanted to be told free flags and cheering were the cause of a fall. Myosotis taught a more profound cause—tempting to do with Canadian art and the strength of the indomitable Canadian soul. How else could a team come back when down so low and win?



Nikita Caprice

The last scene in *Manhattan* approached on the late-evening September 2, 1932, a very warm day in Manhattan. I was standing on the lower end of some stairs in Westview, talking hockey. Before we are an alleyway from the Minksauch, as much of a hockey rink as I am, and I was eating dinner at Minksauch's and talking hockey. All around us hockey was not only talked in every little Bow or woman or a man a doctor lawyer, merchant, Irish or a racist, a broadcaster, a fan everywhere the night was some kind of hockey but Our game — our Irish, our myth, our legend was being talked up, our myth was being talked up, our myth was being talked up, all sorts of kinds of human and very good covered essentially with a very little hockey. How to know us



Adiantum Canadense



TESTIMONY OF A TENT PREACHER

BY ALDEN NOWLAN

Fire and brimstone in the Upper St. John River Valley

My not-so-succinct physical impression of the interior of the Bible Reformation Tent of Rev. Edgar Floyd Chase is that a stink. Despite the word that causes the crowd to crackle and the ropes to crack as if we were about a spot whenever on the Day of Friday instead of a vacant lot beside a dirt road in the village of Bush, New Brunswick, the air we breathe is pervaded with a smoky haze that would frighten a child with caged animals. Now I realize that the stink doesn't emanate from the animals and is not, as I used to believe, symptomatic of the degeneration brought about by their captivity. It's caused by wood shavings and cat paws representing for want of stink. Occasionally you find yourself in a position where, for the first time, you grasp the full and original meaning of some cliché or hackneyed expression: tonight I know what it means when a preacher hits the smelly stool.

Yet I suspect I'm the only person here who is troubled by the smell, as no doubt I was the only person here who wondered what the scenery guy on his chair, or being chased by, when a moment ago it was in the side of the tent and out the other. The tent-aged kids in night gowns who conceivably might have cared about such mundane matters — those who sat through the first 45 minutes of the service to hear the big blond song leader belt out cowboy-style poems to the old-time religious while playing a tamboresque against his knee — tickled away as soon as the preacher made his entrance from his house to the pulpit across the road where, so I was told earlier, he farms and grows (humble) (times in unknown words) to prepare himself for his nightly sermon. Now it appears that except for the only person seated on those 100 odd metal folding chairs which form a semicircle around the collapsible stage and post.

At some of his services the Reverend Chase has had me and members of his flock been agreed, at least 15 years have been served from hell and there have been a sort of miraculous cure — all at once the sort of thing that is said to separate the other substance or substance.

able altar are born-again, washed-in, the blood-of-the-lamb, holy high-shouting, believing, and for all that I know about their particular brand of fundamentalist Protestant theology they may also have received these other mysterious gifts of the Holy Ghost known as the First Baptism, the Second Blessing and the Double Portion.

At the moment their minds (about another world than this, another world that exists simultaneously in at least three different places in their hearts: "Heaven," and in a golden city beyond the stars, "Thank you, Jesus," and most of all in that non-approaching time when Jesus will come again, "Hallelujah") not to be betrayed and cracked as before, but to be continued in evoking that of a married Eden, as incorporeal New Jerusalem.

The preacher booms about in front of the stage with a microphone in his hand like a saphyrah contrabass, the word smacking behind him, not so much preaching as generally, as if he were delivering an unmercifully expostulatory monologue that is almost as fervent as an exorcism in the presence. Like many of the residents who hear the Reverend, he hails from the southern United States. He was born "in the big city of Chattanooga, Tennessee, where my daddy was an ironmaster," and one of his big bits of business is an insurance of a southern insurance's spell, in which he appeals for donations (rather than bids). Part of his childhood was spent on the Chickasaw Creek "near Montgomery Ridge where my grandfather was killed in the Civil War that people like us have heard about up here in Canada."

Partly because of traveling preachers like the Reverend Chase and partly because of country music, especially the groups that live on churchyards and sleep in their second-hand stoves and engines, and why their lives about outside of places with names like Beulah's Cove and Cinderella Brook, there have been strong although extremely a loose link between the Mainstream and the American south for at least 30 years.

Every summer evangelists from the states of old consideration in the tent sets in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, concentrating on New Brunswick's Upper St. John River Valley Bible Belt. A conspicuous number of the missions serving rural churches in the Maritimes are those of such southern fundamentalist institutions as Bob Jones University at Greenville, South Carolina. During the 1930s there was even a branch of the Ku Klux Klan in New Brunswick. I've talked with a man who, as a boy drummer, attended a continental cross-bowling near Windsor, in Carlton County, where in the absence of blacks, Jews and Catholics, the object seems to have been to throw the fear of God into drunkards and fornicators.

These past several years the expressions "fundamental" and "anti-ground" have been passed around so much they've become in this and therefore at a Queen Victoria time. Ironically, the words generally are applied to certain styles and attitudes indistinguishable among the young which, far from being subverted, are among the chief elements of the communications media, besides long method and published in everything from the daily newspaper to the perspective comic books. On the other hand, there exist in North America scores of genuine subcultures, largely unrecognized by scholars and journalists alike.

The particular subculture to which this Tennessee born tent preacher, the Reverend Chase, and his New Brunswick flock belong is essentially WASP. Underlying, and for a while, the tent sets are no suppers available, there's nobody you can blame for your condition except yourself or the devil in hell. Their music is more or less called behind John Knox when he belabored Mary Queen of Scots, it has few of the of the Trumpet Against the Mountain of the Women. They are rural people in a world ruled by city dwellers. They believe religion that have been made the Hermitic Examples and whipping boys of their respective countries — religion practiced by the glow of

continued on page 66





Just out of Little Lakeport (inside Inuvik) by Robert Service's poem about Scott McGeer, we reached that town of the Yukon River known as the Thayerville, a narrow, bustling warehouse of supplies boats. After this photograph was taken we cut our way down high rise banks as typical of Yukon country. The Yukon, unlike the Mackenzie, presents an ever changing panorama in that cliffs are followed by grass, meadows or rocky bluffs or long slopes of evergreen. There is a surprise around every corner. At one of our camps we packed several quarts of edible pigfish which I drop first in water with wild anise as an extra disguise before the main dish thaws. These spots haven't much to happen upon in the graveyard at Little Salmon, one typical of the Stoltz Indians who inhabit the central Yukon. The windows here are glass and beer cans. The river is empty of life.



Here we are on our way through Decade 1818. Coyote, where many shipwrecks were wrecked. Now, because of a power dam, the river is no longer rising but slowly disappears. The dam blocks the river and I hope there won't be any more.

Last summer, Pierre Berton took his wife and seven children, plus one boyfriend and one nephew, on a 600-mile pilgrimage to his hometown of Dawson City. The group followed the original Yukon River route taken in 1908 by the gold seekers out of Lake Bennett, B.C. Berton's odyssey coincided with the publication of a revised edition of Klondike, his classic study of the scramble. This book has been partially responsible for a revival of interest in the historic Yukon. Everywhere he went, Berton found serious strangers drawn aside to preserve, restore and identify buildings, artifacts and sites. At right, he films the plaque marking the spot where George Carmack made the original discovery on Bonanza Creek. The caption below are the author's own.



FLOATING DOWN THE YUKON

BY PIERRE BERTON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HOLMES

IN words of mine could ever prepare a children for the image of the Yukon River and tomorrow on paper or photographs, when, one really captures it. There is an illusion here that defies description. The Yukon gets under your skin as no other part of this country can. It has been under mass for more than 50 years. Part of the magic, I suppose, is the feeling that the river is eternal. I remember one particular night day when we all sensed this. We had forecast the tide together and were drifting at about five miles an hour beneath the wooded banks and between the islands, talking, singing, reading or simply watching the dark swirl of the forest around. Somebody spotted a bald eagle in the sky and then two cow moose appeared in a slough on our left. Later we happened upon two grizzlies scampering up a hill-

side. It was impossible upon us that this was the way the river had always been and, hopefully, always would be. I doubt it at that moment. If there was another human being within 50 miles. For the Yukon valley is almost as empty of life today as it was when the first explorers slipped down its channel from Lake Bennett to Nutsen Sound on the Bering Sea. It must look today just about as it did then. The high clay banks have been spared the ravages of civilization; the swallows still nest there by the tens of thousands. The forbidding cliffs of black basalt still run farmlands on the right side of the river north of the Pelty's mouth, nobody has drilled into them or planted them or reaped them with a reaper. The green islands in the channels are dotted with hillsides. The crystal streams that tumble down the wooded gullies are free of pollution. The few are marks



Now, at Fort Selkirk, the oldest settlement on the river, we spent a day and a half relaxing. It was an exotic experience to inhabit a town that once held hundreds of people but is now nearly deserted save for a single Indian family. Cabins and residences, trading post and police barracks, all stand empty. When I first floated down the Yukon with my gloves and rifle in 1926, there was a thriving river settlement. At last in 1939, when I stopped here, the banks were black with people moving at the streambed. The Alaska Highway changed all that. Since it was opened, in 1942, the Yukon has become a river of ghosts. Oddly, that is part of its charm. The fort of today is new. Fort Selkirk was established by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1848, destroyed by Indians in 1851 and reconstructed during the 1890s. Now it has become a stopping place for the increasing number of river tourists who find here, at the juncture of the Pelly and the Yukon, a little bit of the past, preserved as if in amber.



At Corwin, the only settlement left between Whitehorse and Dawson, I filmed these Indians at salmon pulling salmon from their nets. The fish cannot be taken on a fly because they refuse food on their 2,000-mile journey up the river to the spawning grounds. Only natives are allowed to catch them.



The mission school at Selkirk still contains the original desks and the reading exercises used to teach Indians and half-breeds. Some of my contemporaries went to this school and some are still cropping and husking along the Yukon.



The Anglican church at Fort Selkirk, still in a good state of preservation, is marked by a sign stating that it is under the protection of the Territorial government. Almost every historic structure along the lonely river is identified in this way. But at the moment there are no funds available to ensure permanent preservation. In 1966, more than 300 soldiers of the Yukon Field Force were stationed here to maintain law and order. The army has recently built a cabin and preserved what is left of the barracks and graveyard. I offered \$20 to anyone who would sleep there but no one took up the dare. We were all too affected by the haunting presence of those who had once occupied these cabins.



on the trees are half a century old, as one has indicated to leg the Yukon valley. The blue hills roll off into the mists of the horizon, ridge upon ridge, unmarked and unscarred. The river cuts its serpentine pathway through them, sometimes spanning narrowly between rocks of shattered conglomerate, sometimes spreading itself thinly over tawny meadows, changing from male to male yet never changing from decade to decade in its unending journey to the sea. It is now that when I was young and living on the banks of the Yukon I had gazed for cities I had never seen in the same way that today's youth hangers for a wilderness experience they have never known. Today our communion with the wild comes on life and starts through a few square feet of cottage lawn front or a brief encounter with an unattended corner of a national park. But the Yukon experience is total. You can camp anywhere and be sure no one else will camp beside you. You can drift for days without encountering a soul. You can swim and keep an island for your own.

For 11 days we lived on the Yukon, protected from the intrusion of the world. We read no newspapers and heard no radio. We cooked fresh Yukon salmon over hot coals and fired everything freshly pulled from the river. Our food was seasoned with wild berries and our liquor was mixed with the juice of cranberries gathered on the spot. On several occasions, at twilight, we picked our dinner from freshly ripening berries. Once we passed an Indian smoking salmon on a stick by the bank, the resultant haze of smoke was better than any I have ever inhaled. We were the madhouse gathered in our hats and deep lived, mainly by the pen.

Yet, in the midst of the wilderness, we were always conscious of the passing of time and the presence of history. Wherever we camped we were made aware of the river's gaudy past and this served to enrich our journey. An old gangplank rotting in the weeds, the remains of a wood cart sinking in the willows, the hull of the old stern-wheeler Klondike, outlined beneath the ripples below a slide of black clay, the freight, last found long since pulled away, sitting on the ways at Skagway Island near the Teal's mouth, a skeletal gold dredge half submerged just past Dutch Bluff peak inscribed with the trees marking the original Dawson telegraph line, an abandoned church, weary and unadorned, masonry tracts from 1906, empty trading posts, police stations, telegraph offices, mission houses and schools, old cabins by the water, some of them towering on the tip of the eroding riverbank, old dumps, old hotels, old mining camps, old parks and churches and old graves. Man was here once, now they continued on page 76



GREAT BARNIS

Passing artifacts in a neglected landscape

One of the funnest things about developing a history is the discovery of beauty. Suddenly, things that have been hanging around for a long time, as drab and functional elements in the environment, are found to be art, something happens to the national eye, and the country is richer.

Eric Arthur and Dudley Winney, a rapacious Canadian architect-critic and an artist-photographer, have just produced a book, *The Barn* (McGilland Stewart, 256 pages, \$25). The photographs on these pages are taken from that book. They are beautiful. Twenty years ago, they would not have been, not in the same way. Canadians are developing a new aesthetic, in daily work what we see and where we have been.

The barns are beautiful because they work beautifully. The appearance is a function of the purpose. They are open, yet, growing out of the job and out of the landscape. In their

dedication of the book (to the builders of the barns), Arthur and Winney call the architecture "vernacular" in other words, instinctive, informal, almost anonymous.

The Duluth barn, for example, at the top of page 40, has an overhanging nose, or leach, which protects the wall and shelters animals in bad weather, but the overhang also gets the barn (located at Black Creek Pioneer Village near Toronto) a dynamism and a sense of protection. The force in the foreground is made of scrap strips, which is a cheap and efficient way to put up a fence, it also makes for a kind of wooden skeleton, almost violent, that creates a dissonance with the straight lines of the building behind it. That's vernacular art — a fine, direct, simple, surprising solution to a problem of function.

The barn at the top of this page is more than 180 years old

and is located at St. François de La, in Quebec, the roof is thatched, and lashed to a ridgepole so that nothing interrupts the clear line across the top of the structure. The rafters in a solid block of rough material, with a denseness that fits the lines of the close fitting wood below.

The barn at the top of page 43 is located near West Brant, Quebec, in winter, the deep snow becomes on more than the reflection of the painted shingle walls. It's built around a strong, many-sided pole, and is arranged almost like a cathedral, with a nave and aisles, an impressive, almost monumental structure, and also a hell of a good working barn, one that even fine designs to simplify work.

The picture at the top of page 42, however, you choose to the side of the barn. Barns are good places to be in. They smell good, they look good. The light strikes in through spaces in



Barns clockwise from upper left: Black Creek Pioneer Village, Ont.; St. François de La, Que.; Nouvelle-Que.; Concord, Ont.; unlabeled; St. Rock, Que.; unlabeled; Que. The husband barn is lower left; unlabeled. There are many of these lovely old simple barns before God.



the wooden walls. The textures are rough and strong, log-wood and caped-steel metal. They're places where things get done, places of continuity, in touch with the seasons and the rhythms of muscle and sweat. Animals are here there, and die. Children believe across the breezy barns, and fall away from them into the haylofts. There are discoveries in the corners: discarded machinery, ancient tools, tattered catalogues, coils of rope and baled wire.

It may be that just as we are discovering how good these things are, we are on the point of losing them altogether. Canada is becoming a land of cities, and cities do not have barns, they have garages, marble stairs for horridous mansions. In Quebec, the roof shingles have vanished, so call for his trade. New barns have metal roofs, strong and urban.

Barns used to be bullfrenzy houses. Traveling salesmen

printed grand messages on them: KOK COLA, NISSAN (and just below) CHEW MEAT, POUCH TOBACCO. TREAT YOURSELF TO THE BEST. Nobody writes much on barns now. And they don't print on them, either. The massive, proud cards (below) would look out of place on stone walls.

There are fewer barns. You don't need barns now for the heavy work. New barns swell of oil and gas and paint. No horse collars, no ladder straps. The barns that remain are flaky sheds with braided rails, carried and braced for riders in colored riding clothes.

Children don't unsaddle around barns anymore. They used to spend their time in the haylofts, mostly getting out of everyone's way. Now they have structures of their own, get commercially fat and commercially old in woods, and never see the sun.



The same for the pigs, squeezed into a pig hotel, vitaminated and plumped in artificial light scientifically measured for maximum growth. You get more pig per pound of feed that way, but the pigs don't rest and willow in the mud back of the barn anymore. No huge anonymous rows with letters in the mud beside the wooden walls.

There aren't many barn meetings, either. You can order metal sheds, profit, through the mail, they come in boxes, and you spend an afternoon with a riveting gun, rap, a row of metal cubes. It may be good farming, but metal barns are no wooden barns as far as it is in Raggedy Ann.

The worst of this is that we are losing something. Barn design used to be a process of bright ideas, rooted to the spot. Now the industrial designer has taken over, and the old words are getting on: no more cracks, galls, jack arches, porches,

spoons, rock lifts, or subboxes. Zip. Aluminum.

In 30 years, barns will be places to see, not places to be in. There will be nothing worse about them. But it is still possible, now, to find the old ones: round barns, Pennsylvania barns, circular barns, polygonal barns, Dutch barns, English barns, connected barns, each speaking out of a tradition, stories of history.

They are left at the sides of dirt roads, in land the developers haven't got to yet, preserved because there's no profit in tearing them down, not yet having to make way for anything. Kids still jump around in them, and smoke behind their, and farm things because they're there.

They will not be there long, most of them. We discover our history, and get rid of it. Go and touch a barn, before it's too late. — WILLIAM CARLSON ■



And more historic click here (this upper) up the: Larger Whelp barn, a North American Dutch design in West Brom, Ohio. Bl. Plend

Gals, near Highway 30. Ont. Mount Forest, Ont. a barn sign in the grand old style, allocated and in Rockwood, Ont. a square design



COUPLES

BY PENNEY KOME

Portrait of the homosexuals as just plain folks

When I was a child in Chicago I lived in an apartment with my mother and brother across the street from a men's clothing shop. The two owners lived upstairs and so long as I can remember they lived together.

They treated me nicely. They liked to give me flowers and little things, but when I was around them they seemed a bit nervous. Even though she seemed to like them a lot, by the time I was old enough to realize what "homosexuals" meant they had moved away to open up a shop in San Francisco. I was still trying to figure out homosexuality, so I believed the concept never existed of people and forgot about it. In Chicago, like a lot of other places, teenage girls thought more about romance than sex.

So it happened one day in 1965, I was sponsored on the news by the late under the summer sun. The water that day was cold and clear and slightly cold. The whole gang was out in swimming tank and I was full of 15-year-old energy. We had several fights and with courtesy over the last apartment in the building was there. We'd go to the Nike Missile Depot, with its cyclone fence and K-9 guards and roller coaster, and risk the soldiers under what they thought it was all about.

After an hour of sex and no back in the middle hair it wasn't surprising that a woman a bit older than most of us moved in over to her house to smoke and drink. We pooled our money, bought the goodies and headed over in York's. Once there I didn't understand why they played Peggy Lee on the radio and I had to keep asking away from the guy on my left,

but I was getting stoned and figured I could handle it. I was slumped on the arm of a couch when someone put on over my shoulder. My head was lifted and turned by a hand and a mouth came down on mine. I kept and my eyes told the guy one of it and with a shock realized it was Wicky. The reaction was instinctive and immediate. I turned my head the other way and somersault.

So I found that I have the face, had the made that makes me love for other women with higher than second. Years have passed and that line is still suddenly there. I can't explain it so I avoid explaining it.

My prejudices about understanding to write about homosexuality, a subject to which I had little interest in and no experience, may well be forgiven. Though I feared myself, the research was mind-bending. It brought home just again a belief held by most of us: we are all of us, people. People are people. Love is love. And love is love.

The Community Homophile Association of Toronto (CHAT) is a spin-off from the University of Toronto Homophile Association. Almost two years old, CHAT has gone from a kitchen table meeting consisting of 20 house community center in a rented church and a membership of hundreds down from a wide spectrum of the community. Making CHAT was like walking through a paper-thin curtain and finding a real, human handshake behind it. A lot of my profound values came up for me. The community I found myself in was in business, and yet I felt a strong need to connect the people I was meeting. Before long I discovered the inner conflict was more apparent than real. The challenges to my life of connection were softened by the color and warmth with which I was welcomed into the community. Some gay people and I met with some social disapproval, it's not surprising that the people who let me into their lives were the president (George) and vice-president (Pat Murphy) of CHAT.

Pat Murphy, 33, and Linda Lee, 21, live together in the second floor of a duplex off Dundas Avenue in the city's core. The flat is red and red, the atmosphere is warm and warm. The first floor, though old, is in good condition. The front room has a working fireplace and looks out over the quiet residential street where children play. The women share their two-bedroom home with Arthur, a young man who is the gay and also works CHAT.

In general, the place seems very much a young couple without much money. The only unusual arrangement I spotted was in the kitchen. The dishes were stored over the refrigerator and the food was stored over the sink. My once beautiful red was covered by the new even more of the size.

Linda was reading a sociological text when I first went over. She was completing her third year of university and had just accepted a position with a youth hostel which entails various shifts work.

"It's been really hard lately," she explained as she closed her book. "That's never enough time to enjoy my work at the hostel, but the hours change nearly every day so it's always behind on sleep."

"You need your sleep, too," said Pat. "Sounds like you have a cold. Do we have any vitamins?"

"Don't think so. I'll take it if we had it."

"Yes, so should you spend like it gets to have money again."

Linda smiled and turned to me. "It's been a long hard day," she said. "I've been in school and Pat's been working for CHAT."

Pat, in the fit a cigarette, said, "Well, I think that what we're doing is important. We have some money, a couple of thousand bucks. That's not for food and rent. But, you know," she named to Linda "what bothered me most was not having any time to spend with you."

"It's not much better now," said Linda. "Boy, will I ever be released when I'm through school."

"This next year's going to be really interesting," said Pat. "We're going to go to a lot of places and see a lot of things." "What will you do?" Linda asked with a laugh. "Oggs. I think I hear that." She went downstairs to let the dog in. Pat followed her. I mentioned that at the CHAT meeting I attended one woman had come out very strongly against having straight women come in to study the group.

"Yes, well, she has a point," shrugged Pat. "We've had all kinds of people come in and watch their paper on sex. And they always seem to know in advance how they're going to see it. We're subject to them, not people." Pat's professional glow brought to mind her training and experience in psychiatric nursing. She shrugged again and added, "But with honest exchange, there comes a positive support and enlightenment for all in most cases."

Linda came back with a note that she had a small baggie. Pat collected a cat from the radiator on her way back to her chair.

"Oh, Sam," she said, "why did you go and crawl up in that chimney? She's sure what like. And there, that's her daughter. But now look at her."

"Hey Muff!" called Linda from the kitchen. She came down the hall and took her head in the living room. "I've got a great idea. Let's go to Kingston Market on Saturday and get some stuff for projects. I just found the rope again."

"Sure," said Pat. "Sounds good. Where are you working on Saturday?"

"I'm off. And so are you."

"Hey, that's right. A whole day together. We can sleep in and everything." Pat shook her head in wonder. "A year and a half, and we're still very much in love."

"We're terrible lucky," said Linda. She leaned on her side a minute and went back to the kitchen.

Four days later I came for breakfast and the baking of the granola. We sat around the kitchen table with our second cups of coffee. Linda's couch was pretty bad, but the was cheerful.

"I think this recipe must have been, well, wrapped," she said with a smile in her hand. "I know, I'll be."

"We're nice cooking. We enjoy it," said Pat. "I think that's one secret. We do what we enjoy. So many people spend their lives trying to do what's expected of them, what they really require. That's what's wrong with society in large, with both the homosexual and heterosexual communities. It's all the role playing. Every man wants to be a doctor. Every woman must be Penelope. Some people are happy like that."

"But the vast majority of the people are trying to fit themselves into their roles without ever finding out who they really are. It's like you were saying the other day, Penney, a woman who goes directly from her parents' house to her husband's hasn't really made a choice. She's just accepted her fate."

Linda responded. "I'm so like we're so alienated as we might have been 20 years ago. Though there's usually still a lot of money to break down."

"I'm," agreed Pat. "Women are approaching a time when they can be damned as people."

"My first experience was in university," said Linda. "I was just sitting at my table one night with another girl. Finally I asked her, 'Do you mind if I love you?' She didn't understand the word. 'No, why should I mind?' And I said, 'I don't mean as the cheer.' And she let me stay a six-month affair."

I asked the chevron question. Linda replied, "This time was no luck. I was doing what seemed natural. I didn't hate even at anything. I was just very attracted to this woman."

Pat replied her book. "Some people love women. Some people love men. Most everyone who's alive loves someone. Some people," she glanced at me, "were born lonely."

This was an instant and unique perception. Pat had made it as something so other people had ever acknowledged in

my presence. I do love and I do have friends. But I've always felt that I live deeper in my soul than is usual. True to say no more, I smiled and delivered the comment with a question.

"Oh," Pat said, "my first experience was when I was about 21. It was just sort of a really thing. But it really scared me. I had heard that homosexuality was well, sinful and wicked. All these years at a separate school had left their mark. But as I got more and more, and read more and more on theology and psychology, I began to realize that my past came from a set of values that I disagreed with. I went out with guys. I was even engaged at one point. There was no driving compulsion or adherence that made me choose women."

"When I was about 24, I fell in love with another woman. By this time I was pretty easy in my mind about what we were doing. But the thought of my lovers, where we were working, gave us a really rough time. We stayed and faced their ignorance and enjoyed our time together, and her family called her home. There were another woman—what?—that was a crazy business, but I was really shocked when we broke up. It was not positive for either of us. And then, finally, I met Linda at a gay club in Toronto. It was one of the very few times I've made the bar scene."

"Well I'll never be to a club before," said Linda. "That was only a couple of weeks after I got to town, remember?"

"Yes, it was a lucky chance. We started talking there, and Linda joined the U of T homophile group. We were good friends for two or three months, even decided to share an apartment at one time—she's still just roommates."

"Yes, but that didn't last long," grinned Linda. She did the cookie any time on the oven and we moved to the living room.

I asked a few questions about their family lives. Both women seem to have brought up normally. Both speak of their parents with warm affection and keep in touch to find out about their younger siblings.

There's that short one too. / continued on page 62



THE RICHEST MAN IN CANADA

That's what the old man claimed his brother was — but then, as Mrs. Adderley said, "the old coat has all the time."

BY DAVID E. LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HUNTLEY BROWN

"You'd think Erdogmo had enough character without the Lord needs" as man," Mrs. Adderley grumbled, as the old man closed the door behind him. I didn't pay much attention.

Mrs. Adderley was always grumbling. It wasn't a question, it was a habit. She worked better because of it.

I hadn't noticed the old man when he left the restaurant. At 18, most old people looked all alike to me, like Chinese.

"Say his brother is the richest man in Canada!" she roared in delight. "Guys in a coat!"

I picked up my coat. I had been, for several months, saving every cent I could find for a trip to Halifax, and the mere mention of money intrigued me.

"What's the brother supposed to be?" I asked, imagining what that dinner I could have the old man from and then meet his undying gratitude.

"Oh, somebody you never heard of. Not nobody like the If he

had so much money wouldn't he name be in the paper all the time?" The old coat has all the time.

I made a mental note that Mrs. Adderley had a thing about coats. She kept washing gloves and wiping them on a dirty doorknob. She was a plump, colorful woman and she owned the only restaurant in town.

"It has all the time, helping me day after day. Help me!"

She dropped a glass on the floor and it broke. She tossed and with eggs, and delivered serving the mentality of the poor old man. It seemed to me as watched for sympathy. Mrs. Adderley was a widow.

At dinner that night I casually mentioned to my mother what had happened in the restaurant.

"Oh," she said, "that's the poor old man who's boarding at Maria's. I pay him, staying there. Everyone says he's very polite. I doubt if Maria Maria gives him enough to eat."

"Mrs. Adderley says he's crazy," I said.

"Huh?" said my father.

"What does that matter?" said my mother. I could sense a storm coming.

"They'd make a good couple," said my father calmly, "and perhaps it would give the old gal something else to think about but other people's business."

"Hurry!" said my mother sternly. My father had behind his paper I used to think, when I was younger, that my father was rude to bring his paper to the table. Now I knew he was rude and snide. I felt particularly vulnerable, and my mother in a sudden intuition turned on me.

"Go upstairs and tidy up your room," she said.

The next day in the restaurant I was having my usual malnutrition. The old man came in. This time I noticed him. I must have stared at him, for he came over and sat down beside me.

"It's a beautiful day, young man,"

continued on page 30





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GOLD AND DIAMONDS MAKE A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF LOVE

I gaped an answer.
"I would drink it as an honor if you would have a cup of coffee with me."
I didn't dream it an honor to drink Mrs. Adderley's coffee, but I did not want to be impolite. He assumed I had accepted his offer, for he ordered two cups. Mrs. Adderley smiled, and disappeared into her kitchen. I found my new friend frowning. He had long, carefully groomed white hair, and it gave him a distinguished look. He was dressed far too meticulously for Bridges. The only other person in town who wore a boutonniere was the undertaker, and then only on duty. But this man looked exactly like a Sivasipetian senator, or at least what I thought a Sivasipetian senator should look like. He held his head so though someone were checking his profile behind, it was an unconscious action more than he held high. He wore an elaborate necktie. It was a solid gold snake with emerald eyes. Mrs. Adderley returned with two cups of coffee. She was tall and gray. She gave an offbeat twitch of her chin and went over and sat down in front of the cash register and stared at us.
"Thank you, dear lady."
I stared at him. And I believed in chastity. I mean, I figured individuality was gone. But I had never heard anyone call anybody "dear lady" before.

except in the movies, and it was too much to hear it applied to the placid expression of Mrs. Adderley's behind. He caught my eye.
"Stupid, young man," he said quietly, "in the eye of the beholder."
I had never heard that before, and he said it as though it were peculiarly his own. I was so impressed I apologized for interrupting. I gave a covert glance at Mrs. Adderley looking for the chances which had been hidden from my inexperienced adolescent eyes.
"I don't think we have been officially introduced," the old man said.
I had never been officially introduced to anyone. His tone implied trumpet blasts and royal entrees. I told him my name. He told me his.
"This is a lovely stranger in your beautiful little town."
"I can hardly wait to get out of it," I said, and then regretted it. "I gaze heavily in the eye of the beholder."
He looked at me intently.
"You're IT?" he said.
"Yes, I am." I said proudly. There is nothing to achieving as to be called IT when you are really IT.
"Frighten," he sighed.
He even sighed dramatically. He's a phony, I thought. I sipped my coffee. Mrs. Adderley had rearranged herself. It was the most soothing coffee I had

ever tasted in my life. I tried to think of the perpetrator of it as a "dear lady" but it was beyond my capacity. He was much nearer to being the only living descendant of Lucretia Borgia.
"Frighten," he sighed again, as though it were a magical word.
"To have the world ahead of you. I know how you must feel. My brother and I left home when we were very young. I saw the world," he leaned over to me confidentially, "but my brother conquered it."
I stared at him.
"He's the richest man in Canada today."
He whispered it with a deep pride. His large eyes held my stare. I blushed, and tried to look impressed.
"Yes." I had never heard of him. In the papers, I guess.
This started an indulgent smile.
"He goes to keep his name out of the papers. My brother buys property, so though it was a sure and valuable profit."
He smiled. "And so many of us, owners of that profit, would do anything to get our names in the paper."
He held up his hand. He kept one finger, the one with the snake ring, pointing dramatically at me. "He's never had his photograph taken. Never."

continued on page 54

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RICHEST MAN continues

He cooked like Poirot's cook. I knew then, of course, he was crazy. I felt a little uneasy. He was so deadly serious about it. If he had been kidding, it could have joked and laughed with him, but all I could do was smile weakly and try to appear impressed. I wanted to leave desperately, and made up some incoherent excuse and hurried to the door. As I went through it, I heard him say to Miss Adderley, "Nice boy, that. Very nice boy." I didn't linger to hear Mr. Adderley's opinion of me, but I don't imagine it was any better than her usual graceless schoolgirl gloat.

I spent the next week in Halifax visiting a friend. I had saved \$20 extra to spend on anything I wanted, which is the greatest luxury in this world. I knew exactly what I wanted, so I took some of the third away from it. I arrived home happy and heavy laden with four Gramscian recordings of Debussy. When I opened the door, the first person I saw was the old man sitting in our living room. He got up and greeted me profusely. I mumbled something and hurried upstairs. I shaved, changed my shirt, carefully handled my records and put them aside, like the black jellybeans I

had bought, to be savored later.

I walked down the back stairs into the kitchen and found my mother preparing one of her "vintage" meals. She was humming contentedly to herself. She was always happy when she was feeding someone she thought needed it.

"What's with the old guy in the living room?" I asked.

My mother frowned at me.

"He is afraid to share."

She hurried around the kitchen, "I thought of how lonely he must be, and Mother Maria's cooking, and so I asked him over."

"If my brother was the richest man in Canada, I wouldn't be hearing of Maria Martin's," I said sarcastically.

"If he wants to believe that," she said in her anguished voice, "it's his business. He's not hurting anybody. He's a gentleman, at least, and that makes him the poorest man in Canada, poorer company included."

"Gee, Mom, I like her okay. But he just sounds so silly. People laugh at him."

"It doesn't make much to make people laugh," she said, her lips tight. "A career could do it."

I knew the tone. I was on thin ice. My mother was long on generalizations. She was not always logical, but she could make her sarcasm sound as though there was a QED after them.

I walked over and kissed her on the cheek.

"I'll go in and keep him company until dinner."

"Play him some of your records. He likes music."

(I bet, I thought. I had experienced people who "liked music" before. The only little blond in the post office had insisted on going to her house to hear some. I should have known where she said, "I just love Chopin's Polonaise." But she did know how to pronounce Chopin, and it was Wednesday night, which is particularly deadly in Kingston. We listened to thirty Hindustani orchestras play Strauss waltzes and then the Hindustani Rascals did the More Shamus, and I barely escaped before the front door opened. Madwoman's version of the Jewish Song from Faust.)

"Would you like to hear some classical music?" I asked our visitor almost choking on the word.

"That would be delightful," he said, and then for a moment he looked slightly apprehensive, as though he thought I was going to play Eddy Duchin's recording of the *Abendglocke* Sextet.

I went over to my record player, which was my pride and joy. I had unspooled it as a memento from the Bronx, as Tom Doherty's old jellybeans. I decided that I would have the old fellow, and picked out a Gramscian recording of a Mozart piano concerto, making sure he didn't

(continued on page 58)

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RICHEST MAN CONTRA

see what record I had chosen.

I sat down and looked at him as the music started. He leaned back and sighed contentedly and closed his eyes. "I haven't heard that cassette for years. I heard him play it in London," he said.

"Him?" I echoed, flabbergasted. He opened his eyes. "It is Gieseking, isn't it?"

I nodded. He went back to his record. I was there a while. It was the turning point in our relationship. Before that he had been a nice old man, pleasant and tolerant and verbose and easy. Now he unfolded before me like an exotic mysterious animal. For one tiny wild moment I almost believed that his brother was the richest man in Canada, but my common sense saved me. My father was fond of saying that common sense is the hell being on which one's intelligence rests, and if one hasn't got it, it doesn't matter much about one's IQ.

"He's my favorite parent," I said, when the record was over.

"It would be difficult, my boy, to find a finer one. Have you got his Debussy recordings?"

"I just bought four to Hilfin," I said excitedly. "I'll be gone getting them all. They're first on my list."

"Your list?"

I blushed slightly. "I keep a list of all the records I'd like to have."

My mother called us into dinner. I was very glad now that she had invited him. I knew she would. Her hobby was collecting lovely stray people and forcing them. My father didn't share in this humanitarian hobby, but here with her (he only protested once). Minnie and I drew loved all alone in a small house on the outskirts of town and unseen to everyone, including the Mounties, that there were German spies in her house.

most who sent messages to Berlin every Wednesday night. She deciphered the code they used. She looked like a bird, and sounded like one, and talked systematically to a bird badge on her shoulder that wasn't really there. My father had thrown out of the dining room one night when Minnie was telling the bird how near the dinner was. Later he apologized to my mother. "I was actually beginning to see the dumb thing," he said. After that mother settled for sending food over to Minnie's house.)

The old man complimented my mother several times about the dinner. It was very good, and any woman likes to be complimented when they do something well. Or any man, I guess. Anyway, he assured a warm visit, for my mother invited with pride. My father said nothing, but that didn't indicate any galling dislike. He was a firm believer that eating and talking didn't mix. They were two separate arts and he enjoyed both deeply, but it was silly to try and mix them. He said that was like looking at a Rembrandt and trying to read John Donne at the same time. Our friend was a talker-eater, in that order. Every dish was the subject of a monologue. My mother was not prone to flattery — at least it never worked for me. But during dinner she was assembly pleased. I tried to make a mental note of some of the main floral phrases, but they really weren't my style, anymore than "dear lady" was.

The old man soon became a frequent guest in our house. I had found a kindred spirit. I had always kept my love of music to myself, and was even a bit ashamed of it, because no one else liked it. (Tom Dallen would listen to it, because we were buddies, but he didn't like it, and that detracted from it for

continued on page 28



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To my husband:

Tuesday at 3:47 p.m., Jimmy in took his first step. At 4:15 p.m. a little boy arrived at the door carrying Sheila's school books. It was a lovely day but don't be upset that you missed it because at 4:44 o'clock (this morning I know) myself a movie camera.



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RICHTEST MAN

me.) Offers the old man talked about his travels. He never actually showed that he knew any of the customs and manners he talked about, but he did it so smoothly and convincingly that I often wondered if he had ever shared one of Chatterbox's corporate dinners, or driven Gold-Crest back to her hotel after a concert. He did a great deal for me. He made me feel secure and self-confident, and when one is in the frightening halcyon period of his life, terms that are such a great deal. I found strange parties and distant homes, and the so-called adults had not yet accepted a youngster into their orbit. I would have been lonely without him and lost that summer without this odd friendship.

I was not the only one who felt the influence of all this talk about the great world beyond Bridgetown. My mother spoke much more than in the kitchen, often with him, as he regaled about the cities of Peru. Her mouth was slowly transformed into a permanent delight.

Even Mrs. Addley was affected. That is equivalent to saying that the Rock of Gibraltar was suddenly found out in the middle of the Mediterranean. I realized one day the had changed her appearance. She had never worn anything but white saris, sometimes striped. Now she blossomed forth in vivid dresses and costumes, became dark and rosy, or pink backgrounds, balanced by vibrant greens and royal blues. She seemed intent on exhausting the entire color chart as one said change. She looked like a huge, mobile, luxuriantly assembled bouquet. Her debut into the cosmetic world was even more startling. She seemed to have been treated with extremely high blood pressure one day and jammed the next, as she valiantly experimented with rouge and powder bases and all the original weapons of the cosmetic world. My father insisted that she had broken and was making a desperate effort to hide it from the townspeople. But I know the reason. It was the old man. Not that her manner changed very much. One doesn't change one's spots in 45. But I know she still stopped the coffee into the saucer, and the tone of it was still knowing. But an observant eye like myself could detect a certain openness in her glance, a freer smile, a wiggle of seduction in her single bottom, as she watched back and forth behind the counter.

To Bridgetown, in general, my friend remained a very silly old man. It pained me to hear people make fun of him. My mother told me the talk would stop. It did. There is something unmerciful about the nature of a small town. It was cruel to him a murder or two, but after the said that the same relations today takes over. The old man became part of it, a familiar daily sight that seemed to arouse curiosity. He still visited on page 66

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RICHEST MAN *continued*

and Mrs. Adderley's every day, and I usually met him there. He took solitary walks, and daily checked the post office (at the general delivery window) for his mail. His landlady, Martha Morris, complained that he treated her too politely to let her feel his equal. But there were few of her friends who could make a man as comfortable as, and so he played a lonely hand of solitaire. Mrs. Adderley confided in a few friends, who confided in a few friends, but she certainly wouldn't think of accepting any marital advances from any stranger in town, which means, of course, that she would. But the old man was content to drink her rumble coffee and confide her with compliments.

And then he simply disappeared. As completely and securely as though the Germans spirited him away in a submarine. (Indeed, *Martin Adderley* assumed that she witnessed the departure.) It wasn't until years afterward the Halifax Chronicle Herald carried a strange article on its front page that a certain Frank Kilian had died in Montreal. He was Nova Scotia born, had no previous record to publicity, and was survived by a brother with the same name as that of the old man who had spent his overseas summer in Bridgetown. But the spice of the article was in the fact that his estate left little doubt that he had been the richest man in Canada.

No one ever got the chance to make amends to our Mr. Kilian. He had left everything in his room, even his dining equipment and clothes, and was never seen again. At first Martha Morris caterwaulled all over town, but she really had no reason to. Mr. Kilian had paid his rent, and his clothes, saved Martha's husband, whose last job had been in the First World War as private. After the newspaper story Mrs. Adderley spent a lot of her time explaining to friends that the brother of the richest man in Canada used to sit in that very house. (It didn't matter which one — Mr. Kilian had warmed all of them in his day.) But it was only comfort considering her expectations and the fact that he had never got in touch with her.

I loved him. About three months after Mr. Kilian disappeared I received a letter. It contained a small note and a large cheque, and the message I read "Dear Ray" (I knew who a was from, which was just as well, as there were no signatures). Now was there an address. I was to try all the Groulx records my heart desired and I was to think kindly of my old friend when I played them. I said so. For years I used to diligently try to find some reference to our Mr. Kilian in the newspaper, but he was never mentioned at all. As you probably know, it's possible to pay to keep one's name out of print — privacy is a jewel of great value. ■



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trauma or feeling of difference," said Phil. "I know the textbooks say that homosexuals have broken hearts or screw parents, but this just isn't the case with either of us. It's no problem."

"Sure, there are people in our community who need help," just as there are in the straight community. But I really believe that getting 'out of the closet' and into the larger society, as ourselves, would solve most of our problems."

Phil's words are analogous to those of a large extent the growing opinion of CHAT as an organization. CHAT's general method of attacking liberation for the individual is to work within the existing system. More radically inclined homosexuals gravitate to Toronto Gay Action, a spin off from CHAT.

Previously the gay community is rallying to force the federal Minister of Immigration and Manpower, Bryce Mackay, to revoke from the Immigration Act Section 5, paragraphs (e) and (f) and subsection 1 of Section 96, which prohibit homosexuals from immigrating to Canada. The focal point of the case is a U.S. citizen, who presently faces deportation for being too honest with the Immigration Department's Peter Melchers, an unimpeachable Liberal candidate for the Ontario Legislature, made headlines when he confronted Orie Lang, former Immigration Minister, at the Ontario Liberal Party's annual meeting in Ottawa early this year. Mackay said that, as a homosexual in a room, he was less than pleased about being grouped with prostitutes and pimps in a piece of Canadian legislation.

George Whelan, 44, and Ron Sherwin, 39, live in what can only be called a gay elegance. The walls, colour and love seat reflect the soft blues and greens that they prefer. Two five-foot weightlifting candidates separate the living and dining rooms. A multitude of mirrors bounce the light from the walls, windows, dining area and bedroom only. The lines that define an apartment, door to his pyjamas and give me a hint

Ron wandered out to give me a sleepy good morning, then went into the kitchen (his domain) to cook breakfast. He marked on the beauty of their home.

George beamed and started talking. "When we first started living together, I was wary of being considered as gay by my possessions. I felt my freedom was more important than anything. So when we moved out our first flat, we had nothing virtually nothing but a coffee table. I wanted it because it had something to make a cozy home, and he saved it on our table. I was happily eating away, talking him how good it was, and I looked up and saw he was just staring there, watching me. I said, 'Why aren't you eating?' He said, 'You've got the only spoon.'"

The story was 14 years old, but it still brought a glow of sentimental pleasure to both pairs of eyes.

"I never dreamed there," George smiled his first, "that we'd have all this. But Ronne should get the credit. He looks at a room and sees what it can be. He's an artist, too, did the watercolor in the bathroom."

Ron protested: "I'm not an artist. For a designer. A consistent artist if you want."

"You're too modest," George shaded. "No I'm not. I know what I am, and I'm not a fine artist."

"Okay," George shrugged and drewed for a moment. "Boy, Peasey, you should've come to the CHAT dinner last night. It was wild. About 350 people showed up."

"You're so quite a party," said Ron. "Hey did you see Bob teaching what his lesson is to do the Bang?"

"No. I'm sorry I missed that. Do you know the Bang?" George asked me. A negative answer elicited for a demonstration. Ron stood in place and marked time with his hips in an unrelenting pace while George bumped around him and so he is. It's one of the few modern dances that definitely requires a partner.

Laughing and catching their breath, Ron cleared the table while George

went to get dressed. Seated in the living room, I asked Ron to list some. He smiled at me.

"Lots of people don't even know my first name," he said with a smile. "They say, 'Hi, what's George?'"

"He knows his place," George joked to be reiterated.

"I guess I do," Ron said. "Do you feel this is role-playing?" I asked. George's eyebrows went up.

"I guess you could call it that," Ron smiled. He looked up and his eyes were clear and frank. "I do what I like to do. I like to please George. He doesn't run my life — not by a long shot. I can be perfectly happy on my own. It's just that we've harmonized our relationship and this is the way it works."

"You have to cut the cloth to fit the customer," said George. "It doesn't matter who cooks or serves the drinks. What's important is that you understand each other. The reason we've stayed together so long is that, basically, we're friends. Best friends. We can talk about anything. Without this kind of honesty, no relationship can last very long. How can you live with someone you have to hide things from? I couldn't do it."

"It wasn't always easy," said Ron. "I was really hurt at first when he said he wanted his freedom to meet and go with other guys. He'd just come out of his relationship with another man who tried to strangle him with love."

"I went to England for a year to get away from that relationship and let it cool down," George said. "We're good friends now of course and it all seems pretty funny in retrospect. But then, it was harder."

"So I told Ronnie openly, 'I got tempted and I fell.' And when he said that was okay — I don't think he liked it much — all the pressure just evaporated."

"I got tempted once as a white, too," Ron grinned.

"Everyone gets tempted," said George. "Except — I had a thought the other day. You know, some people are sexual. They have no sex drive at all. I wonder how they feel about our world."

"Me, I was as precocious as they come. And I always knew I liked boys. Used to have this good friend when I was a kid. We'd exchange tips on who was available. It was almost good fun."

"I started later," said Ron. "But I always knew I was gay."

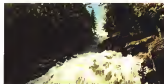
George and Ron enjoy life immensely, and they have an enviable lifestyle. Spiritually they base their love for each other, which manifests itself quickly to an unprejudiced eye. On a more material plane, they can afford to dine in good restaurants, to make it shows, to work at individual interests, and to travel to Europe every year.

Ron is vice-president and art director continued on page 48

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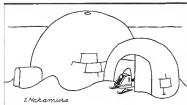


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COUPLES continued

of a conventional lighting company. George an actor is of course proud of CHAT. The job is somewhat taxing and low-paying (what it does pay). He does it because he loves it.

"The only thing I really don't like doing," he said, "is having the director phone forwarded to my house. We have to have that phone open 24 hours a day because crews don't keep office hours. But I like to get away from it occasionally and retreat to my home, my island."

Since I went a run from the photos other people take from behind them. There's no secret there. I enjoy talking with people who come into the office and keep in touch with the community that way.

But mostly my work breaks down into a number of other categories: on-camera public relations, such as speaking to groups, and in the morning Chuck and I go down to the courts to make sure our people have lawyers.

"You know that big Zap everyone made about the Criminal Code amendments that supposedly made homosexuality legal? In the first place, it never was illegal to be a homosexual. And in the second place, people are still getting arrested for it."

The original legislation was a gross "gross indecency" law — that is, any sort of sexual intercourse not (a) heterosexual, (b) in the missionary position, and (c) for purposes of procreation. The law as it stands now still prohibits "gross indecency." Who knows where that means? It's not defined.

"The law applies equally to gay people and straight. If a policeman finds a man and a woman going at it in a car, he's supposed to take them in. He does it, he's told them to move along. He knows that the police would be beating in a weekend if those people were always charged."

Homosexuals take up less room and generally plead guilty in order to avoid a fine. If every gay person arrested for gross indecency started on his right to a trial in high court, the courts would start throwing the cases out. They'd have to.

"What hurts gay people most is the need for secrecy. The fear of discovery that persuades their lovers. Job security is the only good reason I can think of for secrecy."

But to often the fear turns to self-hatred, to the anxiety for living a lie. You have to figure that if someone's asked for your private situation as a first step person you're really a friend.

Roe spoke up. "They told me that taking my parents would kill them so I put off saying anything for years. When George decided to go into CHAT, it seemed time to tell my father. When I started talking he said 'Well that's a surprise. But you're obviously happy. Now about that fibbing trip...'

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a gelatin age in which Virginia was the Mother of Presidents and Buzz Jobs was the fourth most important port in the South Kingdom. And the people who return again and again to encourage such as the one used to be those whom even the lions regard as lions. Their archetypal joke is: "The holder's eye once I came into this here world hungry and naked and crying and I'm still hungry and naked and crying, so I'm holder's eye once all right."

Now in the wind roaring down the St. John River continues to pursue the sea, and it began to rain, the preacher suddenly moves to that this life is not worth living, and the sooner that world ends the better. Hearing this, most of his congregation smile back at him, right away, some laugh aloud, and many of them shout, "Amos!" Only a few days ago, he says, he had to spend \$70 on repairs to his poor old car. His friends smile proudly they know all about the trials and tribulations involving the owning of old cars. "I know working for them car manufacturers in Detroit city all my life just the same as you all have. Why I started out working for the car manufacturers when I was a nigger more than a nigger-peddler, had driving an old male down there in the State of Tennessee. Course, I didn't know then what I know now. I just wanted me n car to go home!" around in that I was working for the car manufacturers, says today. Just like any other poor old boy. And so way a

man can get ahead in this world. This here life is just plain money for niggers. You know that as well as I do. Can you say 'Amos?' He smiles but arch, amused smile, and they answer him with grin, chuckles and shouts of "Amos!" because they know only too well what it's like to pay the lender company \$300 interest on a loan to buy a \$1,000 car, only to find out before you've owned it a week that it costs a new motor.

He gives them more in the same vein it is suitable to be poor "Amos!" but probably even worse to be rich. There was a time not so many years ago, when people really lived, "Can you say Amos?" But all that has changed and nothing is the same as it used to be. The old world is in a world that it's been to since these old Bible times. But that's not bad. That's good. Because it means Jesus is coming soon. "Oh, yes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!" And when Jesus comes again nobody—nobody anybody that's been saved and sanctified and cleansed in the precious blood—will have to work for wages, or go on welfare, or live about car payments and doctor bills. "Amos!" because there won't be no call for doctors! Nobody will ever again be sick because every sickness and every plague is part of the curse that came upon man when he disobeyed God. "Amos! Amos! Amos!"

Seated together near me at the back row are about a half-dozen men who appear to be in their middle or late thirties

the kind of men who attend services three and four times a week at the local Protestant church and hold peripheral jobs such as part-time sales clerk in the general store or free-lance door-to-door salesman of window shades or light bulbs. In most cases the jackets and points of their vests don't match, and they wear white or yellow socks, and white shirts with open necks. They stand out from the crowd singing louder than anyone else, clapping and stomping to the music of the big band, who plays 12-string guitar and harmony, and the preacher's wife, who projects a wholesome, unassuming, earnestness of Jane Carter or Cora Lee Wallace, and plays accordion and organ. One of these men is passed out by the preacher as having been for a time so weakened by a bad heart that he was unable to get out of bed—this was before the Lord gradually healed him. In confirmation of this, the man who, like his own partner, has the eyes of a very dog that has sighted food and is torn between hunger and fear, and seems to have scrubbed his pale skin with it, is chuffed and over-crowd, "Glory to Jesus!" and the others cheer "Amos!"

The Best have become very thick in the seat, and the wind has turned colder. I'm beginning to regret leaving my jacket in the car. Sitting here I think back so when I was a 12-year-old country boy in New South and wanted to grow up to be a preacher, to tell books in the Bible beginning, "The Words that the Lord God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, spoke unto his servant, Moses . . ." It wasn't partly that motivated me but the will to power, I wanted to be able to call down fire from heaven on the heads of my enemies. If the door of fate had turned up a different number it might have been me up there quoting Isaiah: "But he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." And Floyd Crue might have been sitting here trying to make sense without being conspicuous. He said to me that afternoon that his ambition was to be a writer. "I've studied it," he said. "I know all about these sermons, and all that."

As for the man with the bad heart, my diagnosis would be acute indignation. He looks desperate enough, the preacher, like almost everybody else in the town, of six generations of malnutrition and spiritual self-neglect, with too much starch in his belly and not enough of it in his backbone. Still, it's a funny thing about manhood. Years ago when I lived in the little town of Hartland, in the Upper St. John River Valley I knew a character called Bible Bill who "lived by faith" as the saying goes among fundamentalists, meaning that he sought to

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"Rocky looks it's only that last life old lady from the SPCA."



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TEENTH PRACHER

often the necessities of life by praying for them. I suspect that he said his family lived mostly on spaghetti and potatoes — but they did live.

Frequently when I drove down Harvard to Woodstock, 12 miles away, Bible Bill would be hitchhiking in the same direction and I'd pick him up. On one such occasion he was accompanied by his daughter, who was about 10 years old. "The Lord was you," he said to me, "they got into the car. She was happy, and he was taking her to town to get her a pair of shoes. His kids' a coat in his pocket but he had prayed for the shoes and now they were going to fetch them. "Well," I think, "that's a pretty head but for The Son of a Farmer." I sat in the Lord's work by standing out a cool downtown but that fish can't gonna beat the hook." So I dropped the two of them at the downtown version of Woodstock, and went off to pick up a bottle of Dom Perignon, affectionately known as the Marlborough to the Marlborough in "Domino," which used like a deaconess of brown sugar and raspberries diluted with champagne water but outdid everything else at the local New Brunswick Liqueur Control Board, according to fact for more than half of the state's liquor business, principally because at seven dollars for a 40-ounce bottle it was the cheapest means of getting drunk between St. Louis du Ha He and Come by Chance.

As soon as I'd made my purchase I headed out of town. Standing almost in the next spot where I'd left them, less than 10 minutes earlier, were Bible Bill and his daughter. Her thumb was up and so I came to a stop. I saw there were three in his feet. "We're now waiting for you to come back," said Bible Bill, growing complacently. "The Lord touched the heart of the manager of the store, so, just as I knew he would." To converse, the old man was young. Perhaps the shoes were a pair the manager visualized in three more, and quite probably he wanted to get Bible Bill and his beautiful daughter off the premises as quickly as possible, maybe he was a married, a play philosopher that day. Bible Bill would have regarded such explanation as irrelevant, as from his point of view they were. He'd prayed for the shoes and he'd got them — a satisfactory, but he'd got them as quickly as he would have said if he'd possessed a car and a bank account. He knew that God had granted him a miracle.

Now the preacher is telling us that he has not gone to a doctor or obtained medical treatment since he recovered his old from God in precisely 15 years ago. "The doctors are always talking about preventing medicine," he says. "And that's what they do: they prevent medicine. The God don't need to do any preventing. Can you say Amen?" He opens

his Bible and reads: "Pierced and in the man who had been sick for eight years, 'Amen,' Jesus Christ make him there whole and make him healthy. And he rose immediately, and all that dwell at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord."

Since he plays at smoking, card playing and drinking, and accepted Jesus Christ as his personal savior, the preacher says that he has been healed by faith in God of a heart condition, several nervous breakdowns, and a number of lesser ailments. He says that at one point his body was "all drained up" by the Spirit of Infidelity, and proceeds to demonstrate the congregation how he looked when he was so afflicted — by placing his knees together tightly while standing on the tips of his toes with his back flat against the ground, and his arms stretched out, holding forward from the waist as if in search of relief from an agonizing pain in his belly. He went here against his chair, his feet clamped under his chin, his eyes shut and his teeth clamped together, his head thrown back and his mind so that the veins at his neck swelled out and his old toes on his shoulders, a three-dimensional cartoon of a man in agony. His expression at that position for only a few seconds and this description may not slightly in its details state of necessity it is not taken directly from life, but from a mirror in a street corner where several hours later I will say in reproduction it is my own body, while my wife, accustomed to my madness, watches unconcerned as I struggle through the yellow pages of the New Brunswick Telephone Company's Northwestern Directory for the name of an all-right restaurant.

There are syndicated mormons and right, it is all in the congregation believed that the preacher's old stomach had come back to normal, perhaps. When all the dim-witted among us, talking when he will demand that, on the preacher's words, showed up his state and smiles, as he mean have done after a victory in the ring in the days when he was a professional middleweight boxer ("Bomber" Cruse, he used to be a prize fighter," the song leader, Buster Lightfoot, said to me. "One of the best there was. He could be seen downpinned if he hadn't been called to do the Lord's work. The other night there was a bunch of motorcycle happen come to our first night, they were trying to disrupt the service, throwing their batteries up at the us and catching them, and stuff like that, and well it may be a time, but it's a church too, and we expect people to act like they were in church, and so Buster Cruse he took off his coat, and he told them motorcycle happen to behave themselves. And they did.")

"The doctors like to give Jesus name to things," the preacher says, and there are several cases of "Amen" from

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TENT SPEECHER continued

people who all their lives have been enraptured and fascinated by the fancy names given things by schoolteachers, house painters, welfare workers, and politicians. "They give fancy names to things, but Jews only things by names that anybody can understand." Oh, blessed Jesus, who will simplify, simplify simply, so that the universe will taste to be the private property of them before that talk as if they're reluctant to do so. There's only one choice and that's the Spirit of Informity brought into the world by that old devil, Satan. Tell Muskash, that with the Lord I have heard the prophet, I have seen his feet behind I will hear the Lord. The man seemed not to have been heard to stand to have been automatically belated in praying, presently, but suddenly his face in almost radiant, he seems to have been lifted into a mystical state, he eyes are closed and I am prepared to believe that he sees visions. Then, for a moment, he ceases out of it, his face takes on an earthy commonplace expression, he actually yawns and looks at his watch before throwing himself back into his ranting ranting and praying in passionate as below.

When I first talked with the Reverend Cruse on the telephone, asking him would he object to having his services written about and photographed, he said, "Well, we're doing the Lord's work and it's not worth me to be ridiculed." I assured him that I had no intention of ridiculing him, that I would simply tell the truth as I saw it — which is what I've done and am doing, and yet so it hurt him say something about St. Paul's sock (which brings to mind a major preacher of a similar task when I once heard describe how the Philistine, led by the giant Goliath, had come down against the Israelites with their machine guns, blowing, I feel a touch of the path that man in armor be experienced by all but the most insensitive eyes. For the moment, dear reader, I resist you and dislike myself, feeling that neither of us has the right to be here. It's like the night eight years ago when in my own storehouse I became intensely angry with a number of my best friends who were drunkenly singing, *The Old Time Religion*, among them in my alcohol-induced paroxysm of mocking my good friends in a way that they — good heavens! (Heaven! all — would never have dreamed of doing if I'd been, say, black or Jewish. I went so far as to tell them that *The Old Time Religion* was one of the hymns sung at my mother's funeral — which was a lie; those of them would have believed if they hadn't been the same to me. I chose to think of it, I suppose that's why I chose that he rather than another the ignorance they displayed is readily accepting it reduced my monetary damage.

continued on page 72

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TENT PREACHER continued
that Par, an Christian. Why it accepted Jesus Christ as my personal savior when I was 11 years old." And she smiled at me broadly, pleased with herself for having found me out.

It's not bad there can't be a sort of amusement in deleting the milepost car distance between places. Following the Trans-Canada Highway south from Fredericton it's less than 100 miles to Bath, but in an hour and there some the distance between those two points is greater than that between Fredericton and Vancouver. While you're in Bath the rest of the world becomes more and more unreal, and when you leave it's as if Bath existed only in your imagination. The reason is explained by the fact that this is one of those villages in which literally nothing ever seems to change. You drive north on the one-lane main street, with the St. John River on your left and a row of old but expensively-looking white wooden buildings on your right, and it's easy to imagine that everyone you see from your car window stood in precisely the same spot, doing exactly the same thing, 10 years ago. The two young men whose heads looked raised in their short hair and aden haircuts and who wore the matching green wool shirts and pants laced in each other's jackets as they drove" as they were, their large but doubtless almost empty wallets protruding from their hip pockets, and focused to their belts by chains — surely they were leaning against the wall of this steel service station, drinking from those same bottles of Coca-Cola a decade ago and will still be leaning there, drinking from those steel bottles a decade from now, and for all of those 20 years and more, they'll have repeated the same conversation over and over in which one of them says, "Wow's the great Jack?" and the other answers, "Yes, I know" or "No, I don't." Billy, I'm saying "to laugh."

Temple as I leave Bath and drive through Bristol and East Florenceville toward the Trans-Canada Highway the fog rising from the river is so impenetrable that I keep the speedometer down to about 20 or 30 miles per hour. As I try to sort out and organize the events of the day, I decide that the first thing I'll do when I get home is telephone my good Indian-Australian friend Les Perret, perhaps better to Chris Babin and incumbent president of the Flat Earth Society of Canada, an authority on St. Augustine, in whom he refers affectionately as "the old guy," who makes mead and drinks it like a Viking, stands on his head, dances the sword dance, does surrealist oil paintings, sings in Greek and German, laughs at his own jokes and the jokes of others until he falls off his chair and rolls on the floor, and knows damned well that life is worth living. ■

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BERTON from page 26

are gone, the river goes on.

The ghost villages — there are 16 of them between Whitehouse and Dawson — contribute to the feeling of timelessness. In many of these, fishermen and Arctic people have escaped the vast confines of long-forgotten gardens and can walk through patches of frozen mud and yellow Arctic. Abandoned buildings poke up through the waving tundra. The bright berries and shiny leaves of kumquat blur the edges of houses and machinery. Jack has been transformed into a museum.

But old memories haunt certain exhibits. Joe Lader's crocheting trading post can still be found on Ogilvie Island; it was from here that Robert Henderson embarked in 1896 on the journey that led to the Klondike strike. The orderly rooms of the Yukon Field Force has been preserved at Selkirk as a reminder of the time when Ottawa felt the need of troops in the Yukon to save the territory from the American Air Force. Crossing we explored the remains of a roadside where my mother had stayed in 1910 during a memorable week-long journey in an open stage coach in the dead of winter. And opposite Kalamazoo Bar there was an abandoned cabin where a colorful French Canadian named Lalonde once ran a river post office. He wore gold earrings and kept a herd of pet goats that followed him around like dogs and I can still remember a cottage June day in 1920 when an earlier family of Bertons, making this same river journey, sat down at his table to a luncheon of porcupine nose. I was only six at the time but the flavor, hot and pungent, still comes back to me.

Thirty years after that first river trip, my mother wrote these words: "The memory of these last days, drifting with the current through that silent wild country with my children young and my husband in his prime, his ready talk and his readiness to vent his opinion on it all happened a week ago. Nothing is false, I know, but I would give a great deal to be able to do it all again."

And so would I, and so, I think, would my children. No doubt they will have the chance, as I had — unless we spoil the Yukon country, too, with hydro dams, pipelines and asphalt. ■



UNDER THE CYPRUS TREE

BY MARIAN ENGEL

To lunch or Agorokis. Its heir the boardwalk sits at night in the sun the sea where Agorokis lurked and is never found.

Just before I left for Cyprus the first time two years ago I ran into the English poet Louis MacNeice at a pub in London. "Glorious," he said. "Wonderful place. Nice house, and I'll teach you the only two Greek words you'll need there." I listened and he taught me to say, "Den boras?" — "Never mind."

Old yellow dog of an island lying in the sun, this is the spirit of Asia Minor. Not one of your neat, white Greek islands easily accompanied and artistically arranged: nothing so easy. A big landscape ridged with mountains and leaved with old barbed wire from old wars and patrolled by UN soldiers preventing new ones: a conglomeration of warring and unwarlike. Never mind.

If you're flying to Israel from one of the Arab countries, you'll change passports there. If you're getting married outside Israel's religious laws, you'll marry there. If your husband is pooled there with the Canadian UN force, you'll get a pass there. Depending on where you land, it may strike you wrong. I am not fond of the port of Limassol, but neither was Richard the Lion-Hearted. It's a pretty town, with no particular trace of romance, and the essential emphasis that surrounds it is an unpleasantness. Never mind. Take your courage in your hands and drive across the wastelands of the west coast, through the vineyards of Tyllus in the Paphos district, where Aphrodite was worshipped, Paul preached, and every corner gives onto fresh delight in imaginary black pygmyes patterning grapes, the round capital of an eremitic city state, a Roman Bazaar, a group of children selling glassware, narrow wild alleys by the road.

Or take a taxi to Nicosia, coming up from the more westerly coast through the dry central plain to the walled city that the House of Lausanne, which collected

PHOTO BY MARIAN ENGEL

Mediteranean islands in the 12th century, endowed with cathedrals, and the Venetians invested with thick still-standing walls. There the great Gothic cathedral of St. Sophia has been a mosque for 400 years. Its whitewashed interior is crissed by its furnishings and carpets toward Mecca, and there, in the angle between the lines toward Mecca and Jerusalem, has the appeal of the island: you are disoriented when you get there, you find yourself in a stream of old feelings.

Outside the cathedral street vendors sell thick-skinned oranges, Indian cinnamon, herbs, Argentine pears, with incense, cumin, and salt. At night, the sound of grilling lamb from thousands of charcoal fires accents the air and competes with the ghostly cry of the moths from the distant, one doorway is Gothic, the other is Neoclassical, the interior is Turkish, Shintoist, or perhaps Tibetan. This Muslim shrine, how curiously Chinese. The Turkish bath is a key Byzantine church which has sunk below ground level. No breakfast, all women. This century has a higher standard of living, and more cars (per capita, than almost any in the Middle East). Stated in the Ford showrooms, windows are tinted, the cars are sleek, and filled with marble floors, and spotlights.

What country? Hard to remember sometimes. Cyprus is frequently left on maps and mostly recalled for its wine and the fact that its president is Archbishop Makarios, which makes him an ethnicist. It is, like Ireland, proud to be Holy Wars. The Irish conquest of UN forces sets on famously there.

It is the third largest island in the Mediterranean and lies 44 miles south of Turkey, 65 from the Iraqi Syria coast. It has changed hands throughout history like a silver dollar, and is famous for copper and wine. Antony gave it to Cleopatra for a wedding present. Ruth and the Love-Hearted owned it for a while, then sold it to the Templars and Hospitallers, long before then the Phoenicians logged off the central plain, and as you drive through it you can still see copper tailings purer than a modern refinery can yield.

I lived within the curbs of the yellow walls of Niassa for a year, and lived it. An international capital (pop. 114,000) where the great world copper pans and their men make homes cut in the street. The city is now divided into Turkish and Greek sections, but there goes pass freely, and UN Peace operations have brought money and sophistication to the town. In summer, there are outdoor cinemas and nightclubs, there are truly Eastern clip-jaws in the back streets, and goods from all over the world in the bazaar.

But Nazareth is a landlocked town. To reach you have to go over the pass through the northern mountains, pass-

ing always for a view of the Arganillo mountains gleaming over the Hemeia. The north-coast port, Kyrenia, has a round little harbor much beloved of English sailing clubs, a castle that houses treasures recently unearthed from under the sea. All you have to remember is that outdoor cafés with wooden chairs are cheaper than the wrought-iron ones.

On either side of Kyrenia are 30 miles of beaches. White-sand salts where kum grow in September, and hard once gill fish and shell bear for summer recreation.

The coastal plain here is busy — a mile or two wide in places — but well watered. Calabashes, a large tree-fern grows, cane and olive orchards, market gardens. This is Lawrence Durrell's *Four Seasons* country. And the view from his village of Bellapais is strangely beautiful. And under the Tree of Jolene, old men will play their fidulas on long summer evenings. The English loved the coast and left their mark — low sleep-scattered bungalows which they and an alien in Canada and India

The Greek coast is the sunnier east, toward Patagajura, where 10-story apartment hotels almost put the white sand beach in shade. In summer, the thick salty sea is warm as consommé, and Tenorio's old city of Salama has been excavated among groves of pine and gum (iron!) The religious establishment was recently shocked to find that St. Catherine's Priory, an ecclesia, proved to be an archaic tomb complete with skeletons of sacrificial humans.

Old Paragans is Götter's town, well known. His son of Yessie still guards the sea gate, his name is a brand of wine (poorly) and of ice cream (fantastic). Inside, at night the raised framework of 100 Gothic churches gleams in the moonlight. Most of the rabbinites was sent to build the Suez Canal! The coast is full of grief, even at summer accordingly cool. You can look up and see a counterblast stick in the water.

Old yella dog on an island, too much for a week or a weekend. But not everybody likes guidebooks. Never mind they're no longer built with tripods as in the gallery days or just richest as party favors; but they still cook, they still eat. At the restaurant and cafe you look at the menu and think, goodness, \$2.50 a bottle of wine, but the wine comes with what is offered to as a mere, a meal of little dishes, or perhaps plate after plate of fried fish, haddock, trout, salmon, crab cakes, oysters, scallops, lobster, duck without eating there and you drink, except in the poorest places where it isn't expected, champagne, say badly if a Cypriot doesn't lend his

Torresio he goes to Europe and often into the restaurant trade. He markets his pig and comes home. I had Torach.

In the fall, when the signcorders migrate from Europe to Africa, villages along the migration route turn themselves into outdoor restaurants. Boys catch the birds on Shakespearean lined nets. Dozens of toothless old women pluck them. They are boiled outdoors in

cauldrons and served by the dozen on rice that is cooked in the broth. In the monasteries and convents, bona fide pilgrims can stay for three days without payment. I went to one on a donkey, to see an ikon of St. Christopher with the head of a dog.

In the cafes, men still smoke bubble-bubble waxy pipes — but don't believe the sailors when they tell you they have kiosk in them. Both Greek and Turkish Cypriots are struggling to be modern and western but not decadent. The trend is to get away from everything busy and ornate into the kind of 1950s-century industrial modernism we have seen in

In the villages, men still play hornpipes and fiddles late at night, in addition to the *lineas* — a kind of fast, improvised dance by Richard the Lion-Hearted's Minstrel. June weddings gave rise to week-long celebrations, with long narrative improvised folk songs called *cinquies*.

In the remainder regions, girls still tie eggs on bushes to start the good wishes of Aphrodite. A crazy foreigner's car is cause for curiosity. A woman is making cheese in her courtyard, boiling it in whey and stuff like phoos your arm and takes you into her house and says

In the coastal towns, you can rent water skis and snuba diving equipment and, looking down from the balcony of your white-towered hotel, watch a shepherd leading his shaggy goats across the vacant lot beside the yacht club. Every culture has had a kind of this one, and when you are in it, most stand still. ■

How to get the most out of stay
You can get from Toronto to Moscow in an Air Canada 29-to-45 day excursion for \$539 return, and there are continual charters to and from Europe. Also, Cyprus Games has a sliding scale. If you're already in Europe in the summer, there are cruise ships from that area to Moscow. The flights to Moscow and back are a little more expensive, but the exchange rate is favorable. You don't need a visa [Cyprus is part of the Commonwealth] and if you have a valid Canadian driver's license and a licensed person you can rent a car for about \$7 to \$10 a day. Hotels in Moscow, the Lenin Palace \$10 a day (single) and the Ginkry in the Turkish quarter (25 to 37). The major resort area, Pleshchinsk, now has hotels and a beach. There are now, post hotels to go with the old colonial ones. Make sure of air-conditioning in the summer. It's not that hot.

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LINEAGE

When I was 18 I couldn't wait to get out of that town, away from the province. I did not know then that I would carry the land and town all my life within my skull, that they would leave the main spring and source of the writing I was to do wherever and however far away I might live.

This was my territory at the time of my youth, and in a sense my life since then has been an attempt to look at it, to come to terms with it. Searching for the word it could certainly be, and sometimes was, but not to the satisfaction. It was my mystery but it was never dull.

The same, I now say, could be said for Canada in general. Why on earth do Canadians of Canadiana pretend to believe this country dull? We know perfectly well it isn't. Yet for so long we did not proclaim what we knew. If our opinion of ourselves as a nation seems odd or uncertain, sure to outsiders, and even to some of our own people (when all the fuss about it), they might try to understand that for many years we valued ourselves insufficiently, living as we did under the huge shadow of those two dominating figures, Uncle Sam and Britain. We have only just begun to rediscover ourselves, our land, our abilities. We have only just begun to recognize our legends and to give shape to our myths.

There are, God knows, enough aspects to explore about this country. When I see the rolling of our lakes and rivers with industrial wastes, I feel rage and despair. When I see our factories and natural resources increasingly taken over by America I feel an overwhelming discouragement, especially as I cannot simply say, "damn Yankees." It should never be forgotten that it is we ourselves who have sold such a large amount of our heritage for a mere of money. Progress. Which I now see the West has never let be broken. I too far away the vegetal remains of the naive wish-belief that depression could not happen here, or would not. And yet of course I had known all along in the deepest and often hidden sense of the heart that anything can happen anywhere, for the seeds both of man's freedom and of his captivity are found everywhere, even in the meadows of a prairie town. But in coping against our neighbors, our appetites, I focus on this, as I did, and still do in writing, about those aspects of my town which I hated and which are always in some ways aspects of myself.

The land still drives me more than other lands I have lived in. Alps and in England, but splashed as both can be they do not have the power to move me in the same way as (for example) that part of southern Ontario where I spent four months last summer in a cedar cabin beside a river. Scratch a Canadian and you find a phony province." I

used to say to myself, in warning. But all the same it is true, I think, that we are not yet totally alienated from physical earth, and in a way pay we do not become so I over thought that my lifelong fear and passion of class made me a kind of old-fashioned think, now I see it differently.

The cabin has a long window across its front western wall, and sitting at the oak table there in the morning, I used to look out at the river and at the tall trees beyond, green-gold in the early light. This river was however, the river caught it strangely, reflecting upon its surface the north shore and the river banks, making it seem momentarily as though a whole forest of gold fish-strings aimed there. Suddenly, the silver crumpling of a fish, gone before the eye could clearly give image to it. The old man next door said these leaping fish were carp. Himself, he preferred muskrat. For he was a real fisherman and the muskrat gave him a fight. The wind most often blew from the south and the river flowed toward the north so when the water rose wind-effect and the current was strong, the river seemed to be flowing both ways. I liked that, and interpreted it as an omen, a natural symbol.

A few years ago, when I was back in Winnipeg, I gave a talk at my old college. It was open to the public, and afterward a very old man came up to me and asked me if my maiden name had been Weygert. I said yes, thinking that he might have known my father or my grandfather. But no. "When I was a young lad," he said, "I once worked for your great-grandfather, Robert Weygert, where he had the sheep ranch." I think that was the moment when I realized something of great importance to me. My long-ago foreman came from Scotland and had, but in a sense that no longer mattered to much. My true roots were here and would remain so, whatever happened.

I am not very patriotic, in the usual meaning of that word. I cannot say, "My country right or wrong" in any political, social or literary context. But one thing is undeniable, for better or worse.

This is not only where my myth began. It is also the land of my associations.

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was coming out of regular government funds the council had to endure an annual inspection by the Treasury Board, and for the first time in policy could be directly questioned in the House. "That's the difference," Beaudet shrugged, "between being proud and not being vulnerable." Back to influence it was, certainly becoming the Golden Age of Official Culture, of an arts palace in every one and a ribbon to the highway in every kind, of Expo and the Centennial, was at hand. Over it all, the council presided with its Media touch.

Just when you think you have it all, it

starts to fade away. The council had never set out to please everybody. In the year post-Expo hangover it was suddenly pleasing personally nobody. A pair of quirky grants made in 1968 (\$3,300 to Vancouver's art-styled Town Fool Joachim Foix and \$284 travel expenses to access pioneer Ralph Grey, who said it to chop up a piano and dance it with your blood) roused howls of protest that forced their way into Montreal. The worst ruckus came in 1969 when the council refused to back down from its \$5,500 fellowship to McGill University's home Marxist,

Stanley Gray. "A reward to a man dedicated to the destruction of our institutions," was the way former cabinet minister Walter Dando described it, and his outrage was echoed in editorials across the country.

These attacks deepened a sense of unease that had already set in. "After 1967," says David Selton, former senior arts officer, now Associate Dean of Fine Arts at York University, "the council threw away the chance to articulate new directions for itself and for the arts. Instead, we started dissolving around."

The council was slow to recognize the its constraints had changed. The great paradox is where it had been: radical contrade-art — the Celia Frenkel, the Norman Geiger-Torres, the Jean Cocteau — were all in once the older generation. To 25-year-olds deep into conceptual art, exploring film and video tape to the new breed of media-artists, playwrights setting up any theories in back-street warehouses, the council had become almost unimaginable from the rest of the establishment, the kind of organization that could hand out \$400,000 to the National Ballet without blinking an eye. But could it scrape up a nickel for them. "The era of my infancy is over," moans critic Richard Scrimm in the Vancouver Province. In its place, there was better talk about "governance" and "having to know the right people."

No longer an initiator, the council had become, in the late Nabucco Cohen's phrase, "an angel for media artists." By 1970 it was spending upward of \$10-million a year on the arts (this year it's \$15 million), but so much of this money was going to support the skyrocketing demands of the established symphonies, theatres and ballet companies in own patronage and brought into being, but there was next to nothing left for the new and untried. In the twenty years 1969-71, the council extended its economic by increasing its budget of the largest companies. Stratford the National Ballet had to go on. But their supporters mounted such a powerful private lobby that instead, grants to newer individual artists were cancelled for a year, and the innovative theatre and development program permanently discontinued.

This decline, as far as the staff's most active member was concerned, signaled "game over." In August 1978, David Selton, who developed the Canada's \$90,000 art collection (sold last year as the Department of External Affairs for \$150,000) and pioneered the annual cross-to-continental traveling retail art fair, Art Fair, within weeks another council foe, Theatre Officer Jean Roberts, followed suit. Selton's departure in particular, because of the unparalleled network of countryside contacts he took with him, left a gaping hole. His explanation, continued on page 24

party line

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Montréal painter and art teacher Suzanne Rivest-Lemay, was long an enthusiastic and bright, but painfully short on knowledge of the painting undergirding some of the Québec, David Cloutier, the stage and television director (Queen Margot) who succeeded Jean Robes, spent an agonizing year looking for ways to support non established artists before he resigned last spring.

Those who remained, miserably coerced in plush new gliderboards—erased offices overlooking the Sparks Street Mall, began to feel more and more like an executive while telephone was suddenly vanished. By this time, lines of communication between the council and the minister responsible for it, Secretary of State Gérard Pelletier, were virtually nonexistent.

Pelletier had come to his profile in 1964 with the aid of an intellectual in friend, determined to shake up the cultural agencies that came under his command. "The middle class," he said, "builds itself out of culture, more aware with the money of everyone and it uses them for its own profit and enjoyment. But some of the shareholders have no access to the benefits. Our aim is to democratize the art." Democratic culture a bridge across the generation gap was an idea whose time had come. But Pelletier frequently implemented it with needless brutality. "You should know that I have total respect for senior civil servants," he told one cultural agency head, at their first meeting.

"The core of the problem was a conflict of cultural institutions. As Pelletier saw it, culture was a monopolized tool. The concept mirrored that of André Malraux in France and was divine, minor divinity, deep from the psyche of Québec, where politics pervades almost every social and even holiday games to symbolic concepts. In Pelletier's scenario, the federal

cultural agencies—the Film Board, the National Gallery, the national museums as well as the Canada Council—were to become agent of the body politic, implementing democratic ideas by the minister and his staff. This seems obvious head on with the Bush-derived principle all these agencies had been founded upon, that of delegated responsibility, with the agencies forming a nonpolitical buffer zone between government and culture.

Pelletier's strategy was to circumvent the council. He hardly ever asked for its advice, and sat down with its members precisely once in four years. Some individual staff members could influence him, notably Brian Kilgus, the Literary Arts Officer and a former colleague in La Presse, who this year convinced the minister that the council ought to administer the new one-million-dollar fund for aid to publishing. But most new programs were characterized through friendly coed harassment, as was the case with the \$9.5 million program for cross-country museum expansion set up under the Canadian Museum Corporation earlier this year.

Rather than grasp the initiative and try to meet Pelletier halfway, the council's response was to retreat into itself, hoping to its independence, naming retirement post-glossa Dwyer's stroke in April 1971 (the internal forestry night months later) created a vacuum at the top of the worst possible time. Within weeks Opportunities For Youth and later the Local Initiatives Program began diverting money on cultural projects. Close to 20% of OYP's budget went for that. Local Initiatives alone spent nearly as much on theatre last season—well over two million dollars—as did the council. Here the real damage was not so much to the council's self-esteem as to what David Gardiner describes as "the ecology of grass-roots." "The council's mistakes were those of evolution,

professionalism and cowardry. The new grants, awarded in groups with ideological leanings and job creating potential, made a mockery of those criteria and raised expectations that couldn't be fulfilled. "Put yourself in my place," Gardiner said to me, "taking some struggling company to hate in there, maybe we can scrape up \$2,000 next season, when they know I know that February 1 like I think say, had just got \$115,000 from L.I.P."

While all of this was going on in the council's art program, the academic side of the council had got itself into equally bad shape.

It hardly makes news, but in fact the bulk of the council's money—this year, some \$2.5 million—goes into supporting university research in the humanities and social sciences. The central programs are the doctoral fellowships, worth \$11 million, and the \$5.4 million available as grants (not for scholarship projects). Designed for the pump-to-Slater when education cannot deliver, both programs have now come under fierce questioning, both of a growing feeling inside the council as well as that a great deal of academic research is now visibly off the track.

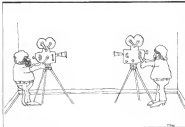
On the other hand that PhDs know best, the council's academic policy has always been to respond to its academic clients, not to suggest a direction that research might take, nor even to evaluate their completed work. Thus while officials can come up with any amount of quantitative data—to show, for instance, that historians tend to get the most grants; sociologists and psychologists the most cash—they have remarkably little information about what all these historians and sociologists and psychologists (and economists and anthropologists and political scientists) are actually up to. "The extent of unsolicited research remains the traditional property of the researcher," one university president was told early in 1971. "Interests as the published reports of scholarly research are not normally of interest to the general public; the material does not find its way into the bookstores."

Quite aside from the question of accountability, in the sense of the public's right to know how its money is being spent, the other central cry raised against the council's programs is that of relevance. In part, this is just a revival of universal yahoos grumbling, yet for all the admirable progress it underwrites a measurable amount of unsolicited research, as a number of its own members will admit, is simply mediocre (even turned up with jargon) or the self-serving (in which results being in advance not the state of knowledge but the career of the researcher).

An ageing supplicant is under way
continued on page 26



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TEAM CANADA

hockey and his wife at the first occasion he missed his eyebrows in his eye. If they were, I think his head. Ron Ellis, who was on the other side of me, never did come back after the occasion. At the second break, Frank asked, "Is that it?" Again I had to tell him as he stayed in the end - which was a far more than could be used for his instrument. That night I asked Harry Seaton what his players would do if it were established that bullet success were the primary right made builders for a pay getting ready to play hockey.

"Don't be shy," he said. Yet, from what I had learned in my tour of the editorial office of Soviet Physical Culture and Sport, and the Army Club (with Ken Dryden), and the American for Physical Culture and Sport (again, with Dryden), I was convinced that were someone to tell the USSR players that bullet was what they needed they would turn it - without fear that by doing so they were surrendering their "rough guy" which method.

Most Canadians were struck by the clean streets in Moscow and it's true that the town area were remarkably clean. But for most interesting were the old class areas of Moscow the suburban didn't want people to visit. Here the streets were narrow, bumpy, filled with litter among other types of human pro-

cesses. The houses were wooden, old, but not water-borne, something like the western Canadian slum areas. Although settled in years ago in the dense, well-to-do houses with kids built for "house parents," but in the remote part of town, Terry Mosher (Andie) and I wandered into one Sunday as soon the kids had other things on their mind - birds and fish. This place, the most remarkable sight we saw in all of Moscow. Hundreds, thousands of boys crowded around hundreds of officers looking up tropical fish in every kind of glass container from drinking glass through to mammoth fish tank. On both-wood containers often spread out sunbaths, black sea pebbles, lots and dozens of colored glass, and plants for miniature aquarium - and, fish food! Such fish food! Mosher and I were of any squaring red women old women dropped into a paper containers with their bare hands. I thought of all our nice cruise boats in the town hotels at that moment. And about the stretched whenever who had those blood Moscow for being so close. A top end to close. Terry and I for taking pictures of all that great body scene. I pulled my hockey gear, pass, covered the way outside as it, and told the man in my

best Stanislavsky accent we were blessed by people. I mean, of course, "the right" but if he chose to take me to mean I had the blessings of Providence, the newspaper, I, for one, wasn't going to dismount him.

As Terry and I left the first two little boys, showing each other a pashaw yellow bird, had a get away, and fly to the top of a high leaf-bare tree. Up to the top of the bird always seemed, passed by two, three, four other little boys when they reached the top of the bird, suddenly flew off and out of sight. The watching crowd gave a very human compassionate groan.

Back in clean, polite-filled Moscow, where the Supreme Soviet had just passed a law making an "education tax" on all leaving to leave the country, I, for one, on the holiday tour knew that Jews, against whom the "education tax" was largely directed, had staged a bumper strike at the sale of the country's few bars in fact, could do anything in the society around them other than the job being led by the on-the-whole personally very sensitive people.

Canadian and American accommodations suffered badly like in general I was questioned in (The Ukraine), and in general quite surprised, a sudden parody of telephone North American

continued on page 32

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TEAM CANADA continued
 with a few observations that anyone who wondered how strong the roof was at the rink now knew it was pretty strong if the accessible chemistry of the Canadian hadn't lifted it off. It added a constant in the Soviet *skatanka*, on the other hand, could not so easily be reached for *Premie* — and *Arctique*, and *Trust*, and *Seven Sports*, and *Football* — could be negative after the game. The USSR, scoring five goals in on Tony Esposito in the last period, had overcome a 3-0 and 4-1 lead to win 3-5 and go up in the series three games to one, with one to go.

At the end of the game Tony Esposito delivered his suit down on the ice as brother Phil rushed over to console him. "There's no way we lost that game," Red Gilbert told me, "we gave it away." On the press bar later that night I encountered Jean Beliveau. "I wondered," he said, "when I was vacationing in Germany, how we could lose that one to Montreal! Now I know. We collapsed. We just fell apart in the last 15 minutes." Beliveau wasn't too happy about signs of desperation in the club: a team must be confident, he explained, every one on the Team Canada roster to do what was required of him in order to help "his country."

Those questions that had been raised out about Team Canada but about the USSR were with me when I got up the next morning. I decided to go to see the editorial muscle of the publishing house Soviet Physical Culture and Sport and talk with them about USSR sports philosophy. A man from the Test Agency, who spoke English very well, showed us the office. From their people I learned that the hockey program was only one of a vast and complicated assortment of programs calculated to keep the population in top physical condition — and the USSR must continuously compete. The pay-down line in our titles came later: "We have one eye," an ad for cars to race without thinking, "not on this interesting match but in the international world championships to be played in March."

The following morning I passed this message on to Ken Dryden who was nervously nervous about getting back into the ring after his last experience in Montreal and Vancouver. He wanted to follow up the message (if I didn't mind him jockeying me, which I didn't) Ken kept saying "I don't know. I just don't know" about what might happen in Team Canada and how that night of September 24. He had referred to himself after the Vancouver games as "cold man out," and several jokes that Sweden would like neither chance on him in goal.

He played, as all of us who saw him know, like the Ken Dryden Team Canada had intended to open the series in goal. He played as he had in the Stanley

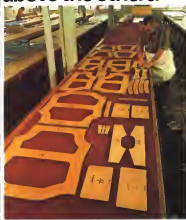
Cup games of 1971, and so he was in play in the Canadian NHL opener October 7, against Minnesota, when he — in obvious relief at not having to cope with a Yakushev or Khudoluzov or a cup shot like Vladimir Lashchenko's — recorded the season's first shutout.

In spite of a certain number of silly Team Canada problems such as undulating defense Dryden handled the USSR beautifully losing in only two goals while Dennis Hall, Yves Courmayer and Paul Henderson were scoring for Canada.

Next day he and I decided to head out to the Army Club, that great Moscow sports complex that delivered a dozen players to the Soviet team — including Trutsk Dryden had the usual Moscow difficulty picking up a cab to while waiting for him I decided to see what was happening in sports other than hockey. It was 2:30 in the afternoon so I started to walk through the Army Club's sporting facilities. At the main gate young boys and girls lined up at every bus and wrecker and taxi, running through the rain and sleet, dragging briefcases and hockey sticks, tennis rackets, skates, the girls — women's liberation hasn't made that much of a mark on the USSR, in spite of grandiose revolutionary claims in the university — carried golf things, shopping bags and figure skates, and some had tennis rackets, too. The whole scene was reminiscent of what one might see in after-school scenarios at home: mothers run alongside the smaller children trying to get their coats, was buttoned, or a hat kept on. The children were all neatly and cleanly dressed, in the European style: the younger boys wore short pants and knee socks, knitted caps, and carried their books in backpacks. The little girls almost all had long hair, wore skirts and winter stockings, and plastic-coated raincoats and rainboots. The future running boys, I soon discovered, were heading for the track: the others fanned out all over the complex.

In one of the largest buildings I found a dozen children doing gymnastics with an astonishing ease and almost bulletlike grace. They stayed with no exercise every long, but moved efficiently from one motion to another. They all seemed most anxious to do what they were doing, and had great rapport with their instructors, most of whom were Olympic participants of fairly recent date. In the swimming pool building I again saw children learning how to dive, and swim with transverse flippers on their feet. It was almost as if each sport had been subjected to sophisticated systems analysis which then prescribed exactly what the muscles should be able to do in order to function, say, freestyle swimming, or the butterfly, or the breaststroke.

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What was even more impressive was what the boys were doing outside. Kids between eight and 10 were practicing slap shots against a kind of headless wall. The purpose of the exercise, as far as I could see, was to keep the ball moving, and not trip it with the stick but rather smack it at and set up a rebound or rebound someone else would have to deal with.

Just before Dryden turned up I went into the rink in search of former USSR coach and now Army coach Tananov: he was nowhere to be found. But two other ex-USSR stars, Bratkov and Vlasov-

ov were busy milking with kids tenaciously anxious to get on the ice. The rink, however, was occupied at that moment by the Belgian national team, convinced losers in international competition in recent years. They didn't look like losers to me this afternoon. They skated well and shot well. I wondered if they were part of the same development program that had popped the USSR team on an unsuspecting Canada.

Outside once again, I found Dryden and together we walked over to where those eight- and nine- and 10-year-olds were continuing their workout. They

had put down their sticks and, arms linked, back to back, were taking turns pulling each other up on their respective backs, holding for a count of three, then smoothly setting the boy's feet down so he in turn could pick his partner up on his back. A steady rhythm was as evident here as it was with the little kids at the hockey-gymnasium bar. I thought of all the pond-side children I had seen kids — and adults — perform, and realized that the things these children were doing made much better sense athletically and aesthetically than any of those tripe one-on-one events we all brought up on in Canada.

For a second the grunting boys — not one of them pulling — set up a rhythm so that their play area resembled an assembly of two-headed rocking horses. Then they unfolded arms, and took turns carrying each other, walking first, and then running. All the time Coach Bratkov kept up a steady good-natured chatter, always calling the boys by their first names, hurrying them along. When the carrying-and-running was over — in about five minutes — the boys picked up their sticks and began to suckheadle rubber balls through a medicine-ball slalom obstacle course Bratkov had set up. Swiftly and deftly they moved, close on each other's heels, running easily in several being touched by the stick or ball of the boy behind them. When all the kids were through the slalom course they turned immediately to suckheadle the ball all over the play area, zig-zagging, to stay out of each other's way, and keep the ball moving with the same dexterity, derring-do, and puck-buck motion we had seen on the ice with Valeri Kharlamov. Gary Bergman had told me once NHL scouts, if they're good, have one more trick you put on a defenseman: the ruse player has two moves — which almost nobody can handle. Kharlamov, Bergman said, just does moves on him. As I watched these kids go through their routines, I could understand that.

I asked Dryden if anything like this went on at hockey camps such as small boys attend in Canada during the summer. He smiled me no. I asked him if anyone couldn't find any such routines to teach the Canadian-style skills to young kids — again he said no, not as far as he knew. The hockey camp, like the NHL, was clearly a form of Show like — just a summer camp with the hockey rubric added for those little kids who want to get a few NHL autographs.

There was nothing Show the sheets what we were seeing, even to the eyes of people like us, who had never seen this stuff before, the rationale of why the kids were doing what they were doing was clearly apparent. (This was to develop the muscles needed to hold the stick firmly so that an opponent couldn't lift it easily and thus steal the puck. This

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I wish I had known Oscar Wilde. Famous now only for his iconic personal life and a few slim poems and plays, Wilde was a legend in his own time, not as a writer, but as a wit. He was a brilliant conversationalist. Wilde's epigrams were passed from mouth to mouth like rare hot bits. He held dinner rooms and dinner tables embellished with his erudition and wit craftily. Every polite acquaintance even in a small group of friends, was a performance; his life was art. Since most great talents have not had a Boveell skipping along at their heels writing it all down, their successors have been lost, preserved only second-hand in other people's smile cushions and diaries. It's come that way when we have television and tape to record it all, nobody has anything especially clever to say.

That doesn't prevent them saying it. Talk is the ugliest thing on Canadian television this year. It's a little spookier after five years of wilderness films and trips to the moon to be suddenly back making conversation among the stars. Lighter mood than the 1980s, today's talkers have a stronger sociologic quality. The joke Andrews they evoke just and big backs and Hollywood stars and all the glorious schizoids of the 1980s.

Canada AM, the most ambitious and spectacular of these new shows, runs on the CTV network weekday mornings from 7 to 9:30 a.m. With hosts Carole Taylor and co-weatherman Percy Selmon, it's a direct and shameless continuation of NBC's popular Today Show and a threat to the dominance of the 5 p.m. evening show. I admit they've got me to look two weeks and a lot of thumping up and down the basement stairs between the TV and the radio, but my radio heart is broken. That grating sound of news weather and sports now arrives and leaves me.

Canada AM is a seductive show — lacy, relaxed, informative in a pleasant, comfortable way with just enough do-gooder news to give you that yesterday's world is still there, grinding along. The weather map at a charming nod drawing with a big childlike sun over the Prairies and fluffy white clouds in Newfoundland. Unless, but not Carole Taylor is beautiful, friendly and clever. Selmon adds a lot of economic, movie questions. They're paychevy — with teeth. The interviews are far too long but the guests are an interesting assortment — cranks, poets, poets-politicians, actors and real conversers — not the focus you normally see on the TV. They are casually intimate and vulnerable perhaps because they're still half asleep. They talk on my radio, as if they had actually been in the house and I had met them. This intimacy, acquaintance makes Canada AM addictive. It's more



Carole Taylor

Talk Talk Talk Shows: Fairy Tales For Grownups

appealing than the Today Show which looked me at 8 a.m. one morning with a panel discussion on egotism. In color, Canada AM is dazzling, a stunning pleasant just to watch. Its sardonic look makes me think of the Mad Maxer's tea party — if anybody does it they'll just stuff him in the toilet and move one glass down.

One of the hazards of the talk shows is Pierre Beron, the Big Boy of Canadian broadcasting. Beron pops up everywhere, especially when he has a new book to sell. The Pierre Beron Show is, of course, the granddaddy of them all and can still be found on a better part of the TV schedule. Beron has slipped a lot since the days when he used to disembowel his guests and leave them slumped to the studio wall. Now he does mostly movie stars and celebrities. The interviews tend to be long and self-indulgent, too much on-group deli chat. It's disappointing. Beron is most interesting about his guests — watch those heady eyes squint about like two brown furrows looking for a hole, one twitching as he waits an opportunity.

I found one *Lanterns* show (CBC — 12:30 p.m.) capturing it. That Edward Glover and poet Bruce Marshall shared that room! It moves across the screen, delirious around in raptures and sucking him down into a bubbling quagmire of warm melted chocolate. Marshall bores even his guests like the hole from the *Smoking*, sticking their eyes, holding their barrels. TV they're suffering from with whopped cream and lopping them off with a wide and a measure matchstick. March is one

of these interviewers who quickly reduces his guests to total silence. Famous performers are lucky to squawk out an occasional "yes" or "no." Marshall bores us, taking and answering all his own questions, an endless soliloquy monologue of praise and flattery. Like a U.S. Hap of television. Edward Glover on the other hand, is simply polite a cigar next to someone who, like most staff interviewers, is afraid of controversy. I foundy remember Glover's local counterpart who was struck dumb one day when a guest suddenly turned on him and asked, "What is your opinion?" There was a long silence. "I don't have opinions," the interviewer burred. "I'm a CBC interview!" A sum of little commercials for books and movies, *Lanterns* that is a who's who in Toronto today. It should not be broadcast in the rest of the country.

The most mistake of the talk show is the *Timothy Banks* Show (CBC — Friday, 10:30 p.m.). Banks runs out on stage to a blur of brass, thanks the audience for all their wonderful letters (Keep 'em coming in folks!) and announces that new singing sensation — Juliette Jackson, preserved like a mackerel in ice, sings a ballad and plugs her Christmas album. Banks kisses her on the cheek ("Yes, that's a gorgeous catch," he says. The audience applauds. He tells exactly like Ed Sullivan. Saturday PM 10:30 p.m. Before TV. Banks was a nightclub entertainer, there is still some of that rummy, cocktail lounge smell about his show, the atmosphere of a dark room where polite men say Marxist words and tell the women. Banks is all showbiz, cheerfulness, boyish, pleasant. It's hard not to like him. He makes people feel good.

Talk television is pure fairy tale, a Disney World where everybody is rich, talented and famous. People who appear on talk shows are instant celebrities, a new stardom. It doesn't matter if their conversations aren't exciting or amusing, it's sufficient that they are there. There's nothing better or unpleasant about these shows; they provide a feeling of security, companionship. You don't really have to watch them the way, for instance, you have to watch a movie. That's why you can sit headshot with *Canada AM* in the living room, turn up the volume and peer through the door every now and then. If you're really dependent on the temperature and the local news, turn the radio on at the next time. CTV of course waits on obvious cues like the hole from the *Smoking* TV book as soon as we wake up and love it on all, the surrounding ourselves with beautiful people, the visual equivalent of what's said. The format of the real world is showed now. It's tricky. If Canada AM gets too compelling we'll all quit going to work. ■

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Heather Robertson is a Winnipeg writer and broadcaster.



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